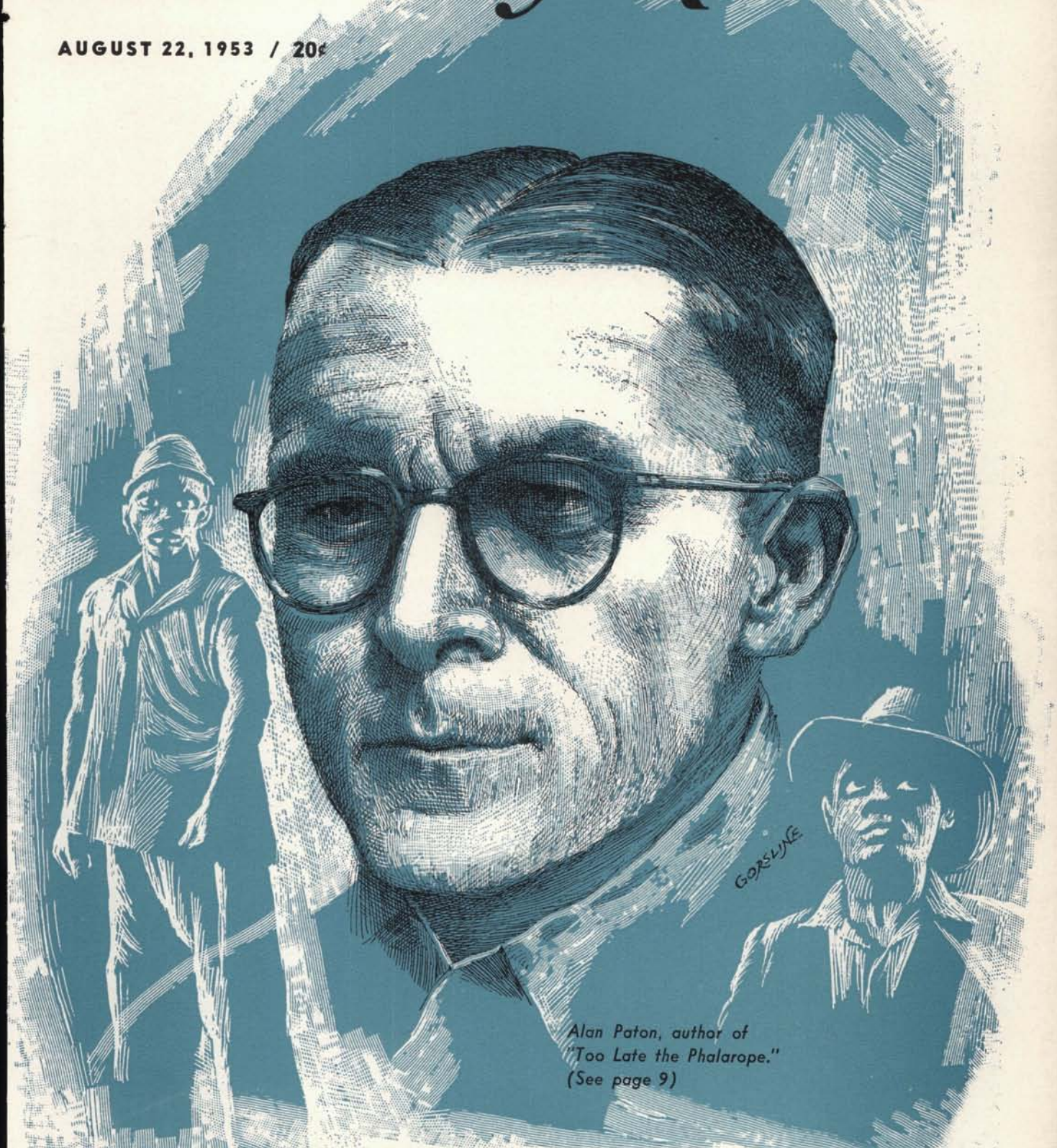
Saturday Review

AUGUST 22, 1953 / 20¢



Alan Paton, author of "Too Late the Phalarope." (See page 9)

A COSMIC VIEW OF THE PRIVATE EYE

By John Paterson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

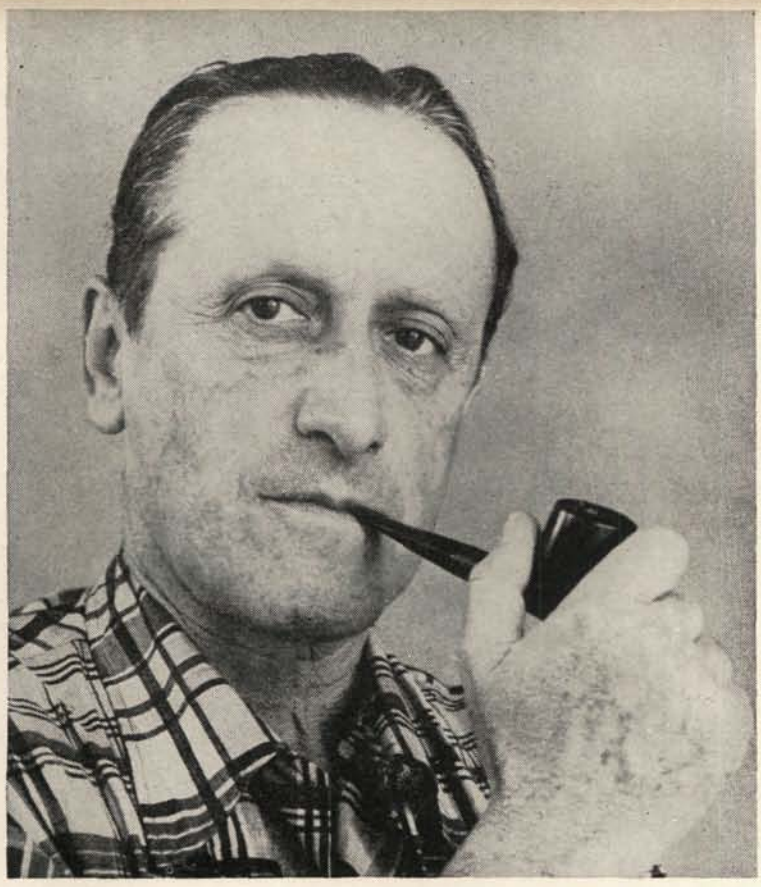


Photo by John Loengard

If you liked
Portrait of Jennie
and One More Spring—

If you like

ROBERT NATHAN

then you'll like

THE TRAIN IN THE MEADOW

If you didn't—you won't

Here is Robert Nathan at his very best. Turning his smooth-flowing style and his unique mixture of fantasy and reality, of satire and sentiment, towards some of the universal problems of present-day living, he has written a remarkable and—on several levels—enjoyable book.

Again he has translated experience into a tale that is infinitely wise and infinitely innocent and that conveys a sense of absolute truth. Writing from his heart as well as his mind, he has given us a book that stays with us long after we have finished it.

$2.75 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRINTED FROM THE NEW YORKER
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 22, 1953

Cover Drawing by Douglas Gorsline
After a Photograph by Black Star

SR/IDEAS

7 A Cosmic View of the Private Eye, by John Paterson
21 Belated Justice for Authors, by Melville Cane
22 The Dangerous Non-Thinker: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

9 Too Late the Phalarope, by Alan Paton
An Essay-Review by John Barkham
11 The Narrows, by Ann Petry
Reviewed by Arna Bontemps
11 Brother to Dragons, by Robert Penn Warren
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster
12 Digby, by David Walker
Reviewed by Victor B. Hass
13 The Bonanza Trail, by Muriel Sibell Wolle
Reviewed by Vardis Fisher
14 Money Mountain, by Marshall Sprague
Reviewed by Lucius Beebe
14 Sidewheeler Saga, by Ralph Nading Hill
Reviewed by Carl D. Lane
16 Idea 53
New Furniture
An Essay-Review by Martin James
17 The City of Man, by Christopher Tunnard
Reviewed by Anthony N. B. Garvan
18 A Critical History of Children's Literature, by Cornelia Meigs, Anne Eaton, Elizabeth Nesbitt, and Ruth Hill Viguers
An Essay-Review by Helen Ferris
19 The Flowers of Friendship, edited by Donald Gallup
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar
20 The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Frederick J. Hoffman and Harry T. Moore
Reviewed by Milton Crane
34 Architecture in Old Kentucky, by Rexford Newcomb
Reviewed by Walter Creese

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds, by Laura Z. Hobson
23 Letters to the Editor
24 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
26 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert
27 The Criminal Record
28 TV and Radio, by Gilbert Seldes
28 Literary Crypt
29 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
32 Literary I.Q.
38 Books for Young People, edited by Claire Huchet Bishop
43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1013

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 34, Aug. 22, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1953 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

One of the first literary jokes that I can remember understanding was the story of the girl who, when asked how she liked Kipling, replied, "I don't know. I've never Kippled."

¶ Even for a literary joke, this one is mild; but I've no doubt it will soon be making the rounds again. For there should be increased interest in Kipling's works after the recent publication of "Maugham's Choice of Kipling's Best," stories selected and with an introduction by W. Somerset Maugham.

¶ Kipling has never been out of fashion. In the past year Garden City Books has sold many copies of a new edition of the "Just So Stories." And other books by Kipling are very much in print on the Doubleday list.

¶ The danger at the moment is that Kipling — like Defoe and Swift before him—may come to be thought of primarily as a writer for children. The sixteen short stories in this fine new collection should help save him from that fate.

¶ I've been reading them and find they have dated very little. The majority, naturally, are set in India. But while Kipling's India is gone forever, Kipling's insight into human nature is no less sound today than it was when people called Victorians, who wore moustaches and funny hats, built an Empire.

¶ Maugham says of Kipling: "He is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure he can never be excelled." If your first reaction is to disagree, I suggest you take a look at the stories. You will be pleasantly surprised, and you may even find yourself agreeing with Maugham.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Maugham's Choice of Kipling's Best" is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "The Complete Short Stories of W. Somerset Maugham."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Project for an Enchanted Island

By Thurman Price

Recently, after a tour of inspection on "*La Isla Encantada,*" a prominent New York City educator said: "It's amazing what can be done when people of good will really set themselves to do it."

He was remarking, of course, on the recent fantastic development of *the enchanted island* called Puerto Rico.

For many years the populace of this Easternmost outpost of the U. S. A. has waged a battle for higher living standards. Four years ago, a forward-looking island government set into motion a long-range program which they tagged "Operation Bootstrap."

"Operation Bootstrap" set up new industries, new power projects, new housing. And it went into the tourist business in earnest.

With its balmy climate and sparkling beaches, Puerto Rico has always had everything to offer tourists —*except* places to put them up.

Now, a scant five years later, the *Caribe Hilton* and other luxury hotels gleam against the blue Caribbean sky. Big Pan American World Airways Clippers* land at Isla Grande Airport several times a day, pouring forth a steady stream of free-spending visitors from North and South America.

Years ago, long before "Operation Bootstrap" began, Pan American first saw Puerto Rico's latent possibilities. The first Clipper flight to Puerto Rico was in 1929, and for many years Pan American offered the *only* air service from the mainland. It served as a life line during the war. In 1948, when Pan American offered the world's first air *tourist* service, it was to Puerto Rico. Sixty-four dollars, plus tax, will take you there today, all the way from New York. Tourists, as "Bootstrap" foresaw, are now one of *La Isla Encantada*'s biggest money-makers!

While Pan American has bulked large in the drive to attract tourists to Puerto Rico, its contribution to "Operation Bootstrap" goes even beyond. By serving as a kind of *amicus curiae* for Puerto Rico in the U. S., and providing most of the air service between the island and the mainland, Pan American has helped build San Juan into the busy air hub of the Caribbean—a "faraway" island into an integral part of the U. S. A.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SR's Library Poll

Each week *SR* lists the twenty books most in demand at representative public libraries around the country in an attempt to chart the trends of America's reading tastes.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Désirée**
   By Annemarie Selinko (F)
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   By Norman Vincent Peale (N-F)
3. **Battle Cry**
   By Leon Uris (F)
4. **Annapurna**
   By Maurice Herzog (N-F)
5. **The Caine Mutiny**
   By Herman Wouk (F)
6. **The Silent World**
   By J.-Y. Cousteau (N-F)
7. **A Man Called Peter**
   By Catherine Marshall (N-F)
8. **The Silver Chalice**
   By Thomas Costain (F)
9. **The Dark Angel**
   By Mika Waltari (F)
10. **The High and the Mighty**
    By Ernest K. Gann (F)
11. **The Rommel Papers**
    Ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (N-F)
12. **The Second Sex**
    By Simone de Beauvoir (N-F)
13. **Kiss Me Again, Stranger**
    By Daphne du Maurier (F)
14. **Beyond This Place**
    By A. J. Cronin (F)
15. **The Emperor's Lady**
    By F. W. Kenyon (F)
16. **North From Malaya**
    By William O. Douglas (N-F)
17. **A House Is Not a Home**
    By Polly Adler (N-F)
18. **People, Places and Books**
    By Gilbert Highet (N-F)
19. **Moulin Rouge**
    By Pierre La Mure (F)
20. **The Brontë Story**
    By Margaret Lane (N-F)

CONTRIBUTING LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.) Public Library
Birmingham (Ala.) Public Library
Boston (Mass.) Public Library
Chicago (Ill.) Public Library
Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library
Dallas (Tex.) Public Library
Des Moines (Ia.) Public Library
Los Angeles (Calif.) Public Library
Louisville (Ky.) Free Public Library
Milwaukee (Wis.) Public Library
Minneapolis (Minn.) Public Library
New York (N. Y.) Public Library
Omaha (Neb.) Public Library
Philadelphia (Pa.) Free Library
Pittsburgh (Pa.) Carnegie Library
Richmond (Va.) Public Library
St. Louis (Mo.) Public Library
Washington (D.C.) Public Library

The most talked about book of the season

POLLY ADLER's

A House is not a Home

70,000 COPIES IN PRINT!

$4.00 at all booksellers

RINEHART & COMPANY

New York 16

"A delightfully urbane and cultivated guide to Parnassus."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

MEMORIES

By

Desmond MacCarthy

The late dean of British critics provides "civilized conversation on a very high level . . . a delightful collection of essays . . . very refreshing to read."
—N. Y. Times Book Review

$3.50 at all bookstores

OXFORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND blacksmith shops are still doing business in the U.S., but only 500 bookstores are classified in trade as "A" outlets, another 500 known as "B," and about 1,000 known as "C." How do you *SR* readers like that? If you don't, then pause for a moment and calculate how many hundreds of thousands of drugstores and beauty parlors there must be in the forty-eight states, and how many TV shops and how many stores where they sell playing cards and sets of "Scrabble." The 18,000 blacksmiths were parts of a piece published in *The American Writer,* the official magazine of the Author's League of America, and was written by Benn Hall, whose firm handles publicity for authors. Of the 1,700 daily newspapers in our bright and literate land, Mr. Hall went on, only three have regular book sections and less than 100 devote a page or so a week to book reviews and book news. Mr. Hall didn't say which three, but since I see the special book-review section each week of *The New York Times,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* and the *Chicago Tribune,* that's got to be the three. All this gives you quite a turn, whether you write books, publish them, or just like them. Which also makes it a little hard to be patient with the lofty sneerers at book clubs which mail books to every local post office in the land, and with the loftier disapprovers of twenty-five- and thirty-five-cent reprints in every unbookstored village and hamlet in America.

SPEAKING OF "SCRABBLE," the new word game that has practically routed canasta among the upper I.Q.'s of the nation, it occurs to me that any publisher of a dictionary is missing a large sales promotion bet if he doesn't get the nation's department stores, toy stores, and stationery stores to stock up a pile of the firm's dictionaries right on the counters where the "Scrabble" sets are sold. If you've ever played this fascinating combination of anagrams, crossword puzzles, and general mayhem, you'll understand how passionately people can turn to a dictionary to see whether there *is* any such English word as algor, baobab, cestitose, and the like, right down through zymurgy. Now that "Scrabble" fans are going in for refinement like felt-covered turntables or shearing off the tops of an heirloom lazy-susan, so they can revolve the board from one player to the next without disturbing the letter squares, it strikes me as a mere nothing to ask them to invest a few extra dollars in a modern dictionary—dubbing it, if they prefer, "'Scrabble' equipment."

A FIRST NOVEL by the art editor of *Time* is coming on September 9. "Proud Youth" is its name, Alexander Eliot its author, and Farrar, Straus & Young its publishers. Mr. Eliot, besides being descended from Harvard's great president Charles William Eliot, has rather a good deal of preparation for turning novelist. He started by being an artist, then he sold paintings, then he made documentary films, then he became an art critic and editor. To him the transition to becoming a novelist seems obvious. "A painter lives in a physical world," Mr. Eliot says, "the writer in a human world. As one gets older one tends to go from one to the other. In my case the shift came suddenly." Mr. Eliot is thirty-four.

With the exception of an article on Herman Melville in *Furioso,* Mr. Eliot, who has seen thousands on thousands of his words in print, has never before seen his name attached to them. This, because of *Time*'s belief in, and practice of, anonymous journalism. He has spent seven years on this second break from anonymity, and is prepared for just about anything. Which he had better be, since one of the themes in "Proud Youth" is brother-sister incest. ("Consummated?" I ask in alarm. "Not consummated, but sympathetically treated.") Also, there is a Roman Catholic priest, a major character, about whom Mr. Eliot says, "He is written in the round as fallible—sometimes wise, sometimes ridiculous, but always a good human being. Some Catholics may feel, since he is presented this way and not as a mere symbol or mouthpiece for Catholic thought, that the book is anti-Catholic. However, it is very far from being that. One Dominican priest who read it told me that on the basis of the book he considered me ripe for reconversion to the church —which I left at sixteen." Mr. Eliot paused a moment and then added, "He is wrong."

THIS STORY is good and old by now but I just heard it and maybe you still haven't. The Mystery Writers of America have their own organization whose slogan is "Crime Doesn't Pay—

Jacquetta Hawkes

is a famous English archeologist with the soul of a poet and a prose style of beauty and subtlety. Her book, *A Land,* captivated readers here and in England with its scientific fact and roving fancy. Now Mrs. Hawkes lavishes her wit and wisdom on eighteen parables for our time. They range in subject matter from a wondrous world where butterflies are gods, to a tale of some penguins who lay eggs not for progeny, but for profit. These fables are satirical and suggestive and highly original. They are the kind of tales discerning readers pride themselves in discovering.

A Woman as Great as the World

AND OTHER FABLES

At all bookstores, $2.75
RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

AUTHOR'S OPPORTUNITY

As established, reputable publishers, we can publish, promote and sell your book if it has literary merit. Send for our FREE book, PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK, for full information—at no obligation.

COMET PRESS BOOKS, *Publishers*
Dept. SRL 11 West 42 St. N. Y. 36, N. Y.

BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enough." It has offices in New York and a large membership including such famous crime writers as Helen Reilly, Will Oursler, Ellery Queen, Anthony Boucher, John Dickson Carr, George Harmon Coxe, Patrick Quentin, and Rex Stout. During the summer of 1952 a theft of seventy-two cents was discovered in a pried-open petty-cash box and, although all the best member-sleuths in the metropolitan area went promptly to work, they still haven't discovered whodunit.

" 'OUR EAST OF EDEN' for 1953" is one way Viking Press is talking about their big fall novel to be published September 18. The book is "The Adventures of Augie March," by Saul Bellow, and unless people like Robert Penn Warren, Lionel Trilling, Clifton Fadiman, and a host of others are all wrong, it's quite a book. The Pulitzer-Prize-winning Mr. Warren, for instance, had read the first half of the ms. several years ago, and had the greatest enthusiasm for what he had seen.

Now he says, "I feel that my very high hopes for it have been justified. I feel that it is clearly a book by a very powerful, very important, and very original writer . . . I am inclined to believe that there is no novelist around now from whom we have a right to expect more than from Saul Bellow."

Mr. Fadiman, in his report for the Book-of-the-Month Club, calls the book "a blockbuster of a novel, a howlingly American book," and predicts that "it will set reviewers and public back on their haunches, inflame many, please some, and start the same kind of controversy that greeted James Jones's 'From Here to Eternity' in 1951."

If anybody else's opinions about a book ever fired your own interest and desire to read it, you should be feeling warmer already. One of Augie's adventures appeared a while back in *The New Yorker* under the title of "Interval in a Lifeboat," and another, "The Eagle," in *Harper's Bazaar*. Perhaps you saw one or both without realizing that you were sampling one of the excitements of the year.

If you did, you know why people are calling "The Adventures of Augie March" an epic, a heroic comedy, an exuberant, tumbling avalanche of a novel. Its author also wrote "The Victim" and "Dangling Man." He is thirty-eight years old, was born in Lachine, Quebec, and was nine when the family moved to Chicago, where he grew up. Last year he taught English at Princeton and now he is going to do the same at Bard College on the Hudson. He had worked on "Augie" for several years, and at one point, having watched it grow longer and longer, he was ready to turn in about half and see that much published as "Part I." But Viking Press, with whose financial connivance Mr. Bellow was operating anyway, persuaded him to hold off publication until his giant was really completed. The package containing bound galleys just arrived; the mailman up here in Connecticut, on a rural delivery route, gave me a look of reproach as he handed it over. The finished book is about a quarter-million words long, will run to 540 pages, and sell for $4.50. It will also be available from the Book-of-the-Month Club in September, having been tapped as an alternate to "The Spirit of St. Louis" by Charles Lindbergh.

ERRATUM—or was it? A couple of columns back, as a subhead for two short items, I wrote, "Jots and Tittles." The galleys arrived; the printer had made it "Jots and Titles." I reached for the phone, ready to yell "typo," but then I pulled my hand back. After all, I reflected, the paragraphs *are* about books and *SR* linotypes *are* conditioned to puns; "Jots and Titles" let it stand. —LAURA Z. HOBSON.

A BORZOI BOOK

At last—a new Cain

GALATEA

by

JAMES M. CAIN

author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*

According to Greek myth, Galatea had two lovers: Acis, a handsome youth, and Polyphemus, a one-eyed cyclops. She rejected Polyphemus, and he killed his rival.

Cain has written a brutal, shocking, yet tender and humane novel based on this legend. Here is his old magic—as powerful and as exciting as ever.

$3.00 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

Portrait

By Sara Henderson Hay

I never saw a man who was
So proud of being meek,
So eager to provoke a cause
To turn the other cheek.

How ostentatiously he says
A humble man is he;
How like a banner he displays
His arrant modesty!

With such persuasive eloquence
His little worth avers,
How odd that he should take offense
If anyone concurs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 22, 1953

A COSMIC VIEW OF THE PRIVATE EYE

Detective fiction, usually thought of as pure escapism, is in reality an astonishingly accurate mirror of modern man's changing outlook on life and society—or so it seems to John Paterson, who develops his case in the article below.

By JOHN PATERSON

SAM SPADE, the hardboiled hero of Dashiell Hammett's "The Maltese Falcon," in a rare moment of weakness permitted his readers an oblique insight into his motivation as a human being. He told the story of Flitcraft. "Flitcraft," he said, "had been a good citizen and a good husband and father, not by any outer compulsion, but simply because he was a man who was most comfortable in step with his surroundings." One day passing an office building under construction he was narrowly missed by a beam that fell ten stories. In the moment he realized that he had based his life on false assumptions. He had assumed that life "was a clean orderly sane responsible affair"; he now discovered that "he, the good citizen-husband-father, could be wiped out between office and restaurant by the accident of a falling beam." That afternoon he found it necessary suddenly and mysteriously to abandon his family, his business, and his community.

He had, of course, his reasons. He had seen life with the lid taken off and he had acted accordingly. He had dissociated himself from the clean orderly life he had known and begun his readjustment to a world in which beams fell.

This fable explains, I think, the revolt of the hardboiled wing led by Hammett in the Twenties and Raymond Chandler in the Thirties against the practitioners of the historic detective story. For the society postulated by the older school, which flourished in the Twenties and which has continued to flourish in spite of the schism, resembles in its essentials the staid, comfortable, secure society of the pre-1914 period, the period before the beams begin to fall. In the age of the Boom, the Great Depression, flappers, gangsterism, and the Fascist Solution it recalls the sober gentility and crude optimism of an earlier and more complacent generation; it asserts the triumph of a social order and decorum that have all but passed away. It is the virtue of the insurgent wing, on the other hand, that it attempts more closely to approximate the central experience of the age, the experience of a war epoch, of an age of transition in which men are less confident of their values and their motives, less pleased with the society they have constructed.

Thus two worlds, two notions of society, are represented in the detective fiction of our day: the one embodied in the pompous and transcen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent sleuth, the other in the grim and badly battered private dick. To understand them is to understand something of the social and cultural climate of our period.

THE first thing to be said about the transcendent detective is that he functions in a closed, controlled, and static universe. It is a world in which things do not happen, they have already happened; it is a world that does not admit the adventitious; it is a world from which all but the most counterfeit human emotions have been banished. Its people need not *become*, they need only *be;* its hero need not *do,* he needs only *interpret.* It is therefore in miniature a kind of timeless and unchanging universe such as only geometricians and men with a weakness for order might dream of. Reducible to mathematical law and formula and therefore predictable, it is eminently suited for the operations of the serene and confident intelligence. Closed, untouched by the shouting in the streets, it yields easily to the mastery of the single and transcendent mind. It holds no final secrets. It is marked, therefore, by an unswerving optimism, for it contains nothing that cannot be remedied and explained. It is that very rarest of worlds, a world that is not so complicated that it cannot be solved.

Nothing could disturb for long the fierce immutability of such a world, the operation of its stringent laws, the clarity of its light. Not the ludicrous appearance of its blood-bespattered dummy or the shrieks of its paper-thin heroine. It is the complicated day-dream of the twentieth-century citizen. For it resembles the kind of world he would like to believe he lived in—where beams do not have the habit of falling.

The world of the private detective, however, is something else altogether. For dangerously open and dynamic as it is, charged with fear and change, it is the world we recognize everywhere around us. It is the place where things happen and people act, and where the things that happen and the people that act are not predictable. It is the place of violent and irrational human behavior, a region where law and formula do not apply. It is the place where people could not possibly say, "A mathematical deduction from facts can never be false." They would be more likely to say, "If I knew everything I'd never want to turn the lights off at night." It is not, therefore, susceptible to the workings of the radiant and all-powerful mind, and he who would master it must bring with him qualities other than those of the intellect. Certainly it is a world within whose unhappy boundaries infallibility and total success are so implausible as to be ridiculous. Hence, if the universe of the transcendent detective has the elements of a day-dream, the universe of the private eye has all the naked intensity of a nightmare. It is preeminently the place where beams fall.

Splendid as he is, the transcendent sleuth has about him little of the unique other than his superb intelligence and an endearing eccentricity or two, like a passion for orchids or for the violin (a touch of whimsy that suggests that even a god may stoop to human pleasures). Perfectly at home in the vicarage, the country house, and the walnut-paneled study, he is virtually indistinguishable in his values and his sympathies from the middle-class men and women he has agreed to relieve, whose enchantingly small and ordered world he has elected to safeguard. For he generally derives from the professional classes, the doctors, the lawyers, the university professors, or from the ranks of the leisured upper classes who find in crime and its detection a satisfactory and a socially useful hobby. And in everything he reveals this derivation. If he does express, on occasion, a contempt for the bumbling ineffectuality of the police authorities and for his obtuse and boyishly admiring foil, who stands for a rather vacant humanity, it is on the whole a friendly contempt, and there is, in fact, in his relations with the staid little inspector and other members of a hapless humankind something of the spirit of *noblesse oblige.* But certainly he is, and never doubts that he is, on the side of the angels. And although it is never articulated—as if it were too certain to require articulation—the transcendent sleuth acts upon the assumption that society is basically sound, its laws admirable and crime a wicked aberration.

THE transcendent sleuth then has been, for all his arrogant power, a member of the professional classes; he has had a stake in the community and has been understood to sympathize with its ideals. But the private detective, in the parlance of his world the *shamus,* has no real community. He is the symbol of the isolated individual who, in the sense that he has been estranged from the community rather than banished from it, is an exile. He speaks for men who have lost faith in the values of their society.

His professional and social status is in the highest degree anomalous. In his capacity of private detective he is the member of a craft not wholly accepted, a craft barely tolerated by the authorities; and we are allowed to suspect that he has had some friendly and profitable association with the underworld. His methods tend frequently to be unorthodox and are not, in fact, substantially different from those of his less-idealistic antagonists. He has neither the certitude nor the sanctity of the great omniscient; he occupies the dim uneasy region that lies between right and wrong, between the legitimately constituted social order and the rapacious criminal underworld. He trusts neither the one nor the other and is himself not

(*Continued on page* 31)

Night Flower

By Edith Warner Johnson

THE dark well of silence deepens
As I pause on the threshold of sleep—
Hushed is this world within that outer world
Distantly throbbing.

Like an alien flower invading the shadows
A moonbeam sifts through the leaves
In petals of light.

Yet another flower from another world
Shines in this room,
Its radiance blooms clear and remote
Born from the dim unknown.
Rising on tremulous stalk
It grows to the night.

Fed by the waters of fathomless silence,
Drawn by the regnant pull of the moon,
Spirit or sprite,
This strange wild flower of the spirit
Unfolds to the darkness its petals of light.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Violence in Chaka's Realm

Alan Paton's "Too Late the Phalarope" *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 276 pp. $3) is a second novel of Afrikaner life by the author of "Cry, the Beloved Country." Our reviewer, John Barkham, a native and for many years a resident of South Africa, is managing editor of* Coronet.

By John Barkham

WE HAVE waited five years for a successor to "Cry, the Beloved Country," and now at last it has come, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Yes, this is a superb and stirring story, conceived in the heart and written down with music. "Too Late the Phalarope" is that rare and splendid thing: a second novel which is the equal of its predecessor. And who among those who have read it can ever forget "Cry, the Beloved Country"?

It was in February 1948 that that extraordinary novel made its appearance in the American book world, unheralded and unsung. Its author, Alan Paton, was an unknown South African who had never before written fiction. Its story had to do with a race conflict in faraway South Africa, a scene remote for Americans, who have race problems within their own household. Yet within a week critics were crying hosannahs, and it was clear that a contemporary classic had been born. Nobody who read "Cry, the Beloved Country" could ever feel indifferent again to South Africa and its people, for this book was literature. In the years since then it has become a play, a film, and a textbook in schools and colleges.

As is our wont when good things come our way, we want more of them —and quickly. But Alan Paton does not work quickly, and the many gibes that he was a "one-book writer," though they doubtless hurt him, did not drive him to write a second novel before it had been submitted to a process of prolonged artistic gestation. Now, five years later, another masterpiece springs full-fledged from this strange, withdrawn, inseeing man.

"Masterpiece," "literature"—these are strong words to use of any book. But they are used advisedly here. Pick up "Too Late the Phalarope" and instantly you are transported into another world. You fall under the magic of a prose that is without peer of its kind, and find yourself caught up in a profound and moving story that will wring your heart. And if that is not literature, what is?

Unlike its predecessor, "Too Late the Phalarope" is not concerned with large-scale social problems. It treats not of peoples, but of persons. Its actors are not symbols of a greater struggle, as the two fathers in "Cry, the Beloved Country" personified their two races, and to that extent it may be said that the new novel is a work of smaller scope than the earlier book.

But if it is smaller, it is also more intense. What Paton has done here is to sharpen his focus on the members of a single family and explore to the roots of their being their thoughts, acts, and motivations. In this he displays a depth and penetration which the other book did not possess. Everything centers here on one man, Pieter Van Vlaanderen, the young police lieutenant and football hero in a small Transvaal town, and on his relations with the persons in his little world.

The story is told in the third person by a maiden aunt of the young man. The Van Vlaanderens, like most of the characters in this book, are Afrikaners—upstanding, godly, bigoted descendants of the Boers. Their language, to those who know it, is guttural to the ear, but musical in its rhythms and mellifluous in its metaphors. The narrator presumably speaks in Afrikaans, which Paton has rendered into an English that is Biblical in its beauty.

Pieter is the idol of the little town, though his stern, unbending father, Jakob, is too much the family patriarch to admit it. Pieter's wife, Nella, is a good woman—too good and also too frigid for the powerful sexual urges that periodically grip her husband. There is another woman in the story, a young Negress named Stephanie.

THUS the stage is set for tragedy: a rigid, church-going community, quick to punish and slow to forgive, such as exists today in half a hundred villages and towns of the Transvaal; a hero with a weakness of the flesh; a sultry temptress. Van Vlaanderen succumbs and takes her.

Now in South Africa this is the unpardonable, the unspeakable sin. This reviewer vividly recalls the loathing with which Afrikaners spoke to him of miscegenation. Rather a robbery, an embezzlement, anything. It is a desecration of the God-given Afrikaner blood.

The sinners are not at first discovered. Here Paton reveals a side of him not shown before. The story holds great suspense. Although we know in the first chapter that Pieter has been caught, the narrative keeps us on tenterhooks for something like half its length. By that time we have become so deeply involved with the fortunes of this man that we sigh with relief when the blow miraculously fails to fall.

But the reprieve is temporary, and in due time the tale reaches its inexorable end. The climax is unbearably poignant, though at no time does Paton ever raise his voice. Only the rhythms of his language become more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonorous, like the tolling of a bell. Listen to their knell:

> I grieve for him, and the house he has made to fall with him, not as with Samson the house of his enemies, but the house of his own flesh and blood. And I grieve for the nation which gave him birth, that left the trodden and the known for the vast and secret continent, and made there songs of *heimwee* and longing, and the iron laws. And now the Lord has turned our captivity, I pray we shall not walk arrogant, remembering Herod whom an Angel of the Lord struck down, for that he made himself a god.

As in "Cry, the Beloved Country," there are no evil people in this book, though laws are transgressed and punishment done. Even those who sin are treated with that deep compassion which has become synonymous with Paton's name. As for the phalarope, a little-known shore bird, you may wonder at first what its significance is. At the heart of the book, however, stands a single scene in which the phalarope briefly appears. Thereafter it becomes amply clear what lies behind the phrase "Too Late the Phalarope."

Because he looks on the Negro as a fellow human being, Alan Paton today is anathema to the Afrikaner people. Yet it is this man who now probes deeper into the hearts and minds of the Afrikaners than any Afrikaner has ever done. It is an ironic thought that many thousands of American readers will get their first real understanding of the modern Boer from this apotheosis by an English writer. Alan Paton has, in fact, painted a nobler portrait of the Afrikaner than any Afrikaner writer, living or dead.

Paton has now written two remarkable novels in five years. He has said what needed to be said about his fellow South Africans, the Negro and the Afrikaner. What next?

Meantime, as you lay this book down, still under its spell, reflect to yourself how many writers today can make your skin prickle and your heart beat faster with such music as this:

> For once a charge is made, a charge is made; and once a thing is written down, it will not be unwritten. And a word can be written down that will destroy a man and his house and his kindred, and there is no power of God or Man or State, nor any Angel, nor anything present or to come, nor any height, nor any depth, nor any other creature that can save them, when once the word is written down.

A Letter from Alan Paton

[EDITOR'S NOTE: It was about five years ago—Feb. 2, 1948, to be exact—that "Cry, the Beloved Country," Alan Paton's first novel, appeared. Its publication had been unheralded, its impact was ineradicable. Paton, born in 1903 at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa, had been writing off and on ever since his school days (Natal University College), but most of his time had been spent at other things—teaching (Maritzburg College), supervising a reformatory for African delinquents (Diepkloof, near Johannesburg), and speaking (he could talk around the clock on penal reform). At the reformatory Paton introduced one innovation after another; someone once said of his achievements there: "He pulled up the barbed wire fence and planted geraniums." Out of his experiences at Diepkloof and Johannesburg emerged "Cry, the Beloved Country." "Too Late the Phalarope" is Paton's second novel. A couple of weeks ago our author-interviewer Bernard Kalb wrote to Paton at Botha's Hill, in Natal, inquiring about his work, about South Africa these days, but, most of all, about how it was to write a book. His reply follows.].

I LIKE writing a book, if I have one to write. If there is a story in me, it gives me intense pleasure to write it down. This pleasure is not only intense, it is the most intense pleasure I know. While I am writing, I do nothing else; I eat and sleep fitfully, drink moderately and smoke immoderately, but keep alert and well. This activity lasts some months, until the work is finished.

It seems to me that I shall always write like this. I shall have to withdraw for a period of months to write a book, but first I must have a book to write. I do not discipline myself to write so many hours or so many words a day. When I am absorbed in the work of writing I can write as many as ten thousand words a day, even three chapters of a story. When I am not absorbed I could no doubt discipline myself to write a chapter a day, but what use would that be?

I have several times tried to set myself the discipline of writing a novel, but I have always failed to produce anything that I thought was worth writing. I doubt if I shall ever try such a discipline again. But I cannot do nothing; this is not just because I have moral objections to doing nothing, it is also because I fear that if I start to do nothing I shall like it so much that I shall make it my vocation.

I also have a sense of duty, especially duty towards my country. That is why I have lately taken some part in politics. I am really a mixture of artist and man of affairs. Those people who write "profiles" and "bioperses" (both shocking words, but the second most unforgivable) see a great struggle in my soul. Now it is true that I join in the moral struggle like most humans, but it is nothing to get excited about. I wish I were a writer who cared about nothing but writing, or a politician who cared about nothing but people. But being both, I am neither. It is inconvenient, but I don't think anything can be done about it.

I am also said to be very modest. If this means that I dislike exhibiting myself, it is perfectly true. But if it means that I belittle my gifts, it is nonsense. Thomas Hardy hid himself away, and kept some fierce dogs, but that wasn't because he was modest; it was because he preferred a private life to a public one. So do I, but I don't think I'll get it.

One last point. It is often said that So-and-so spoilt his writing because of his politics, or his religion, or his reforming zeal. I don't think my friends need fear that for me. When my writing days are done, I think I'll know it. It's true that I don't give my life to writing, but it's also true that when I do write (a novel, I mean), all other duties, all other pleasures, must take, not merely a second place, but hardly a place at all.

At the moment my wife and I are at the Toc H TB Settlement at Botha's Hill. The task of the Settlement is to help Africans who have had TB to return to normal life. We have given ourselves to this work for a year, and are enjoying it. We are also working for the new Liberal Party, whose aim is to accustom South Africa to the idea that our only hope is to open the doors of our society to all people who are ready for it, no matter what their race or colour.

But when I think the time has come to write another book, I shall write it, on the same terms as before. And those terms are, if you write a book, write it with your whole heart and soul. —ALAN PATON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Line

"The Narrows," by Ann Petry *(Houghton Mifflin. 428 pp. $3.95), the story of a white girl's love for a Negro man, is laid in a contemporary New England town.*

By Arna Bontemps

THERE is no longer any doubt about it. The author of "The Street," "Country Place," and now "The Narrows" is a neighborhood novelist. Just as some storytellers train their sights on a roomful of people, a nest of simple folk, a company of travelers, a town, a family, or an individual, Ann Petry elects the neighborhood as her unit. In "The Street" her community was a block in throbbing Harlem. She found a setting for her "Country Place" in rural New England. "The Narrows," whose history and way of life she chronicles in her newest novel, is the Negro area around Dumble Street and along a section of the river in a New England town.

The eye that sweeps this little world of brick houses, ancient but still in good repair, of lawns and white fences in the back yards, of the Last Chance Saloon across the street and the massive tree known as The Hangman, belongs to Abbie Crunch, age threescore and ten. It is in the upstairs apartment of her house that big, blowzy, noisy Mamie lives with her monstrous youngsters and her neatly dressed, soft-spoken, and mannerly husband, who happens to serve the wealthiest family of the town as butler. Abbie's deadly enemy is the proprietor of the Last Chance.

Years ago the saloonkeeper had brought the Major, Abbie's beloved husband, out of his place in a very sick condition, and the Major had not recovered. A decade later Abbie had lost the struggle for her adopted son's soul to the same evil genius. The boy Link had gone to work as a bartender in the Last Chance. As if this were not enough to bow the head of the frail brown lady with mended white gloves and a grocery basket on her arm, it now developed that this same saloonkeeper, pretending to be Mamie's cousin, was carrying on with that woman right in Abbie's house. It was all terribly discouraging—but nothing to what it was about to become. On page 57 Mrs. Petry's novel catches fire.

It was on a Saturday night, and Link was standing on the Dock in the fog at the end of Dumble Street when suddenly he heard running feet. They belonged to a panting, sweet-smelling creature who ran right into his arms, and not a minute too soon. Right behind her was a shrunken beast in human form, crippled but propelling himself on a cart, bent on running the young woman down—or worse. Link would have dismissed the frightened girl with a shrug, after kicking the cripple and his cart over, but she was much too upset. She couldn't even return to her parked car alone. He had to walk her back.

Since all cats are gray in the night, neither Link, the strange white girl, the dark folk of The Narrows, nor the people of the town generally saw anything to be concerned with. When it came to light that the two had fallen in love, however, everybody suddenly had eyes. The strain on the neighborhood and on the town became so great something had to give. Yet, with a problem as electrifying as this, Ann Petry's story does not get out of hand.

Her town, which is not prepared for as much racial equality as it was asked to accept, is not very hospitable to the man who was spending his lifetime photographing the river either. It couldn't fully approve of a man whose "laughter made the plates, the cups, and the saucers on the table rattle." And these attitudes it can reflect as easily through Abbie Crunch, the brown-skinned foster mother of the unfortunate Link, as through the family of millionaires across town or the publisher of the town newspaper.

A novel about Negroes by a Negro novelist and concerned, in the last analysis, with racial conflict, "The Narrows" somehow resists classification as a "Negro novel," as contradictory as that may sound. In this respect Ann Petry has achieved something as rare as it is commendable. Her book reads like a New England novel, and an unusually gripping one.

—Peter S. Kaufmann.

Ann Petry—"neighborhood novelist."

Virginia Cauldron

Robert Penn Warren's "Brother to Dragons" *(Random House. 232 pp. $3.50) is a philosophical story, in verse form, about an incident that occurred in the family of Thomas Jefferson.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

BECAUSE Robert Penn Warren is usually associated with a group that seems to emphasize "pure" art and because his own practice has been almost consistently artful, too few have adequately commented upon Warren the metaphysician and moralist. Yet, from the time of such an early poem as "Original Sin," he has been quite as preoccupied with the problem of defining a "new innocence for us to be stayed by" as he has been with the endeavor to find an adequate form to express his "message." Every novel, story, and poem has been a step towards a definition of his insight into man. Never before has this insight been more eloquently and imperfectly expressed than in his long poem "Brother to Dragons."

Though "Brother to Dragons" because of its unusual and not altogether adequate form will put off some readers, it is as rewarding an exploration of "human constants" as anything Mr. Warren has done. The center of the narrative is the murder of a young Negro by Lilburn Lewis, the son of Thomas Jefferson's sister, because the Negro has broken a pitcher that belonged to Lilburn's mother.

But the arrangement of the poem involves not only the telling of this story but a discussion of its significance by the author, by Lucy Jefferson Lewis, by Thomas Jefferson, and by the others directly and peripherally involved. Superficially viewed, "Brother to Dragons" is a too frequently interrupted telling of the inexcusable chopping-off of a Negro's arms and legs in a meat house in early nineteenth-century Kentucky; more adequately interpreted, Mr. Warren's poem is about the awful and aweful human condition at any time and place, about our naive and brave Declaration of Independence, about the possibility of a future declaration that will present in lives and words "the image and confirmation / Of some faith past our consistent failures and the filth we strew."

For the reader who is willing to accept "Brother to Dragons" for the philosophic poem it is intended to be it is an excellent imperfect work. Those readers who would like to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enjoy gore unredeemed will be as disappointed as the reader of "Hamlet" who finds that philosophy encroaches upon bloodshed.

The philosophic and moral importance of "Brother to Dragons" is immense, and its important meaning is conveyed usually with an art its substance deserves. Nevertheless, without knowing how he could have done so, I wish that Mr. Warren could have made his meaning more constantly the natural product of his story than it is. The story of the Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition and Mr. Warren's remarks about it fit his central intention of showing that the too absolute innocence of Jefferson's vision imperfectly fits the eternal facts of human nature, but this whole sequence seems more relevant to Mr. Warren's philosophy than to the poem's integrity. There are other similar flaws. Too many of the characters speak more like Mr. Warren than themselves. The Negroes are too much symbols to be convincing people.

These are probably the inevitable faults of a major writer who is nevertheless circumscribed by the limits of his own human condition. Imperfect as the human capacity to know God, "Brother to Dragons" is still one of the stumbling successful expressions of a view of life we must honor whether we agree with it or not.

A Prescription of Braes and Lochs

"Digby," by David Walker *(Houghton Mifflin. 307 pp. $3) recounts the improbable but amusing adventures of an American tycoon who seeks recreation among the crags, braes, and natives of the Scottish highlands.*

By Victor B. Hass

IT is always agreeable to read an author who can bring something fresh to a form of reading almost as old as English literature itself. The comedy of manners, a favorite in the times of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and a favorite ever since, has been "done" time and time again. Done right it seldom loses its flavor. As a general thing, whether in dramatic form or in prose, authors have contrived a confusing situation to which the reader is privy but the characters are not (thus making it all the more amusing) and from that point have unscrambled the situation while working toward the happy ending.

David Walker, as deft a novelist as is now practising the ancient art, has used the form in his new book, "Digby," but he has joined it with a comparatively new strain in literature —the study of the hard-put, high-powered American business executive. The result, with liberal quantities of whimsy without sentiment and spoofing without salt, is as joyous a piece of escape reading as you are likely to encounter this season.

Mr. Walker, who is at home in the Highlands—if you recall his delightful "Geordie"—has chosen to transport his tycoon, one Digby P. (for Prissitulchan) Ross, forty-one, and just about the best construction executive in America, to the crags and braes and such in order to get just the right touch of madness. He succeeds, perhaps beyond his wildest hopes, and certainly beyond any I had when I thought at the outset that this Scottish innocent was going to try to operate amidst the crags of Wall Street. But there is method to the Walkerian madness for he is able to make as much gentle fun of professional Highlanders as he is of tough tycoons.

Digby P., you see, had reached that point in his career where he had to have a change of scenery or blow a gasket. His arty but beautiful wife was getting on his nerves and he was raising unaccountable hob in the smooth-running offices of the corporation he headed. So off to the Highlands he went for a month, to "peaceful, improbable, acrimonious" Glendrogan House—a far cry from his sheltered George Apley background—to Fiona Kilburnie, chief of the clan, keeper of the royal stags and a lulu to boot; to Colonel Galbraith, a Blimp who talked American slang; to Balgersho, a wicked baron besides being a war hero and all that rot; to the streams for salmon, the uplands for grouse, and the crags for deer.

DIGBY's adventures are as absurd as they are amusing. If he isn't in the clink for popping the local constable on the beezer, he is distinguishing himself in a battle of the clans and busting Balgersho right on the baronial button. Betimes he is rolling in the heather with the aforementioned Fiona who, as also mentioned, is some dish. But finally Mrs. Digby comes to investigate and there comes an end to this frolic. There comes, also, reconciliation for the Digby P.'s and no end

(*Continued on page* 40)

Summer Is for Catching Up

By Thayer Cumings

COME, come, the intermission's over,
The curtain's going up on Summer.
Read up, read up, my friend,
This act is short, too short
For all the treasures to be counted.
Dive deep into the cool waters ("The Sea Around Us")
Or climb up to touch a star ("Annapurna")
Explore the shadows of the forest ("Hunter")
Or the dusty mysteries of the temples ("Gods, Graves and Scholars")
Rebuild your faith ("This I Believe")
With the lively oracles of God (Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version),
Or your game ("How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time")
Or your friendship with the glamorous ("Desiree"),
Or the humorous ("Stay Away, Joe"),
Or slightly embittered youth ("The Second Happiest Day").
No time for Newport or Bar Harbor—
Catch them on the fly ("The Last Resorts")
Laugh while you may ("The Private Dining Room")
Or look back wistfully on the years ("The Big Change")
"Join the Navy—("The Caine Mutiny")
—and See the World!" ("The Poor Man's Guide to Europe")
But hurry, hurry, hurry,
Read up, read up, my friend,
Before the curtain's down
And summer's gone too soon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gold, Longhorns and Alkali

"The Bonanza Trail," by Muriel Sibell Wolle (Indiana University Press. 510 pp. $8.50), is a record, in word and picture, of the spoor of the ghost towns of twelve Far West states. Mr. Fisher, who reviews it here, has used the area as the setting for many of his novels, including "In Tragic Life."

By Vardis Fisher

THOMAS WOLFE once said to me that he was enraptured (or did he say fascinated?) by American place-names. His books show it. He liked to chant them—the English, Indian, French, Spanish names—the picturesque, revealing, queer, strange, and sometimes incredible names attached to mountain, plain, hill, creek, river, gulch, town during the lusty years of American expansion. For anyone who turns the pages of an American atlas they are indeed a fascinating part of our past.

I know of no psychological study that has been made of our tens of thousands of place-names; such a study might throw a good deal of light on the kind of people who built this nation. Though the nostalgic thing called ghost towns has figured in many a book and though detailed histories have been written of a few of them, Muriel Sibell Wolle's book "The Bonanza Trail" is the only comprehensive compilation known to me of those in the West—in this instance in twelve states. And what names those twelve states have!—New Mexico, Arizona, California, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, South Dakota. There is music for any American sensitive to his past.

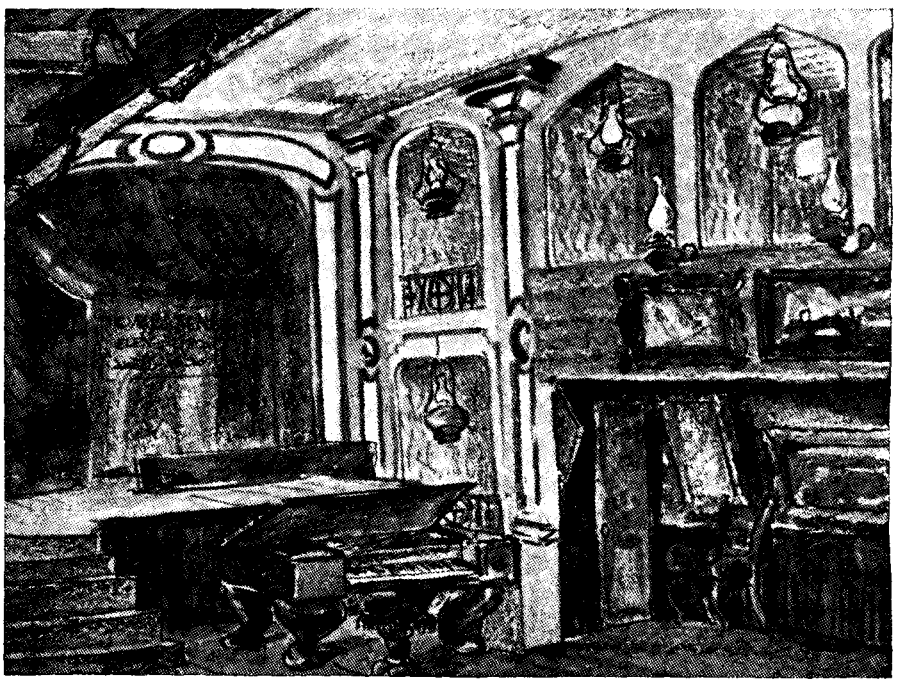
She has included almost two hundred towns, some so ghostly that hardly any ruins remain, a few still occupied, a few in fact still county seats. The book contains more than a hundred of her own sketches, done on the scene; fourteen maps, glossary, bibliography, and index. It is a big book (three pounds), well printed and well bound. For Mrs. Wolle (professor of the fine arts at the University of Colorado) it has obviously been a labor of love, and is appropriately dedicated "to all the patient, long-suffering, mistreated beasts—the horses, mules, burros, oxen—without whose help man would have been unable to conquer the West." It is a book that should be in all libraries. Mr. Lucius Beebe says in a jacket blurb that it is the definitive book on the ghost and near-ghost towns of the Old West for which so many have been waiting. It would be nice if one could say that he is right.

It is in no respect the definitive book. I'm aware that I do not have toward this subject the cool detachment which the good reviewer must have: for me it is all so much a part of my life that a hundred names in it sing in memory and the ghostliness of its places is a part of my blood and bone. Mrs. Wolle does not make her book sing; she brings back too feebly the color and bravura of men whose souls walked naked with their greed, sixshooters, and whiskey. Which is possibly to say that it is not a job for a woman. It is hardly a job for anyone who fills so much space with dull and often insignificant details, while leaving out so much that would help to bring these ghosts back to life.

SHE tells us that the New Mexico *Interpreter* solemnly wrote: "Our Supreme court held a session Wed. and Thurs. White Oaks is too peaceable to make this court a financial success." Or that the *Miners' Daily Register* duly reported that "Taber, the Southern sympathizer, has been condemned at Denver and sentenced to carry a bag of sand weighing sixty pounds, six hours a day for thirty days." Or that Fairplay put up a sign: The money donated in this barrel will be used to feed burros in bad weather. That is the kind of details that reveal these early towns.

There is a wealth of such material and one wonders why she gave us so little of it. She devotes a whole paragraph to lodge halls, past and present, in Idaho City, but skips over in one sentence the amazing fact that of the two hundred persons buried in its cemetery in 1863 only twenty-eight died a natural death. For more than half a page she tells the reader how to get to Idaho's Silver City, a matter of no importance; but fails to tell us that the city was electrified when a barber advertised baths with the photograph of an actual bathtub; that mining companies recruited thugs and fought in open and unashamed warfare; or that it so completely annihilated its rival that the actual site of Ruby City is said to be unknown.

The materials are so poorly organized that they seem to be little more than field notes which Mrs. Wolle made while exploring. But let us not cavil. The book has not caught the fire and spirit and gusto of its time and its places; but it did take a lot of labor to put it together, and until a better book on the subject comes along we shall be glad to have it.



—*From "The Bonanza Trail," by the author.*

The Birdcage Theatre in Tombstone, Arizona—"to the horses, mules, burros, oxen."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

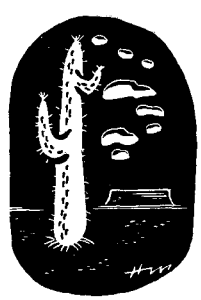
That Ole Glitterdust

Marshall Sprague's "Money Mountain" *(Little, Brown. 342 pp. $5) is the roaring story of a roaring mining town: Cripple Creek, Colorado. Mr. Beebe, who reviews it, is co-author of "U.S. West: The Story of Wells Fargo" and publisher of the Virginia City, Nevada,* Territorial Enterprise.

By Lucius Beebe

A. M. CAMP, the town banker of Durango in Colorado's desolate San Juan country over by the Utah border, whose father was one of the first of the pioneers, likes to recall the story of a mine superintendent in the days of Silverton's booming greatness. Old Dennis, a diamond in the rough, was in the chips and decided to make the grand tour, all the way to Denver City which had only recently changed its name from Cherry Creek Diggings. Dennis spent a week amidst the diamond dust mirrors of the Windsor Hotel and played faro at Ed Chase's parlors in Larimer Street. He was never the same again. When he returned to Silverton he wore a brown derby and a buttonhole flower and sported a set of manicured fingernails.

It has always seemed to me that the legend of Dennis is in microcosm the legend of Colorado in its entirety. Colorado went on the grand tour, it got culture, clawhammer coats, titled husbands for its daughters, a taste in music and fine arts, and a hanker for being manicured. It has been manicured ever since and Cripple Creek, or "Money Mountain," as Marshall Sprague prefers to call it in his fascinating book, was the last step of the way. After Cripple Creek Colorado was never the same.



Cripple Creek came into being in 1891—not exactly overnight, but it first achieved fame in that year—and the rush for its bonanzas started when a picturesque Silesian in a green velvet frock coat named the Count James Pourtales bought the Buena Vista claim on Bull Hill for $80,000, the first big money to be invested there. After that came the gold rush, new bonanzas, and all the conventional properties of a boom diggings: prostitutes, gamblers, gorgeous big saloons, real-estate speculators, the railroads, Eastern capitalists, labor strife, high society, and Barney Baruch.

The significance of Cripple Creek lies in the circumstance that its discovery and exploitation formed the transition point between the old Wild West bonanzas of the Mother Lode, the Comstock, Reese River, the White Pine region, and the Black Hills and the last of all bonanzas in Nevada's "southern mines" at Tonopah, Goldfield, Rawhide, and Rhyolite. At Cripple Creek the Stetson replaced the silk top hat, long distance telephones replaced the magnetic telegraph; there were electric lights and flush toilets, evening dress for the nabobs, and automatic firearms instead of the Colt's equalizer of tradition. There were motor cars and stock jobbers and Italian caterers. Cripple Creek saw the end of the bearded Wells Fargo route agent in a skirted frock coat who for four decades previous had been the law, the honor, and the strong voice of authority in every mining camp in the West.

Mr. Sprague has done a bang-up job of reporting. He has had access, happily, to two surviving and very exalted dowagers who are, indeed, the ranking queens of Colorado's well-upholstered society, Mrs. Spencer Penrose and Mrs. Edith Carlton, both of whose fortunes had their beginnings at Cripple Creek. Both these lively ladies have bear-trap minds and are by no means inhibited by their own grandeur of worldly circumstance.

It wouldn't be fair to the abundant excellences of Mr. Sprague's profile of this lively diggings not to make mention of his occasional defects and errors. Local patriotism inclines him to estimate Cripple Creek's importance at the expense of other bonanzas. The Comstock, for instance, produced just double the wealth in silver and gold with which Mr. Sprague credits it. And he takes a very long time getting to his story. Cripple Creek's beginning, so far as anyone cares, was when it first started attracting attention as a bonanza and that is on page 81 in Mr. Sprague's leisurely narrative. It should have been on page one.

These minor blemishes must be mentioned in critical honesty but they hardly mar the surface of what is essentially a roaring story of a roaring town. Next to the disputed blessings of romantic love, nothing so fetches the human imagining as the access of sudden riches, and suddenly becoming beautifully stinking rich is the theme of "Money Mountain." It's an authentic contribution to the matter of the American West and dandy reading.

Bye-bye Puff Chug

"Sidewheeler Saga," by Ralph Nading Hill *(Rinehart. 342 pp. $5) chronicles the departed glories of steamboating in the Hudson River Valley, on Lake Champlain, and across the Atlantic. Here it is reviewed by Carl D. Lane, author of "American Paddle Steamboats."*

By Carl D. Lane

IN MANY parts of America—indeed the world—strange little men meet in midnight conclave and perform secret rites in memory of the bygone steamboat which only a generation ago was as important as the railroads in the transportation system of nations. They will not like Ralph Nading Hill's new book, "Sidewheeler Saga: A Chronicle of Steamboating." For it is too readable, too frankly romantic, too barren of dimension, tonnage, details of construction, engines, and paddlewheels—and, of course, Mr. Hill will have neglected to mention their particular favorite. But the average non-hobbyist will love the book, its fine flavor of Americana, and its joyous concern with the people, the human failures and triumphs behind the story of the paddlewheel steamboat.

Mr. Hill has skilfully avoided the trite yarns and legends of the *Robert E. Lee-Natchez* type and dug deeply into the history of the average workhorse of a river packet and cross-Atlantic steamer. To follow a cloud of smoke over the horizon, become aware of the thump of paddles hooked up for a record, and follow the fragile wooden vessel responsible until it becomes the mighty Cunard Line, or the Collins Line, never once bored by specifications of the main engines or their horsepower—but generously laced with anecdotes of captains and owners and passengers, divers, helmsmen, firemen, and shipbuilders—is a treat indeed. When artistically necessary the characters speak, and so do the boats, for the reader can almost hear the scream of the safeties on *C. Vanderbilt* when her owner, the sly Corneel, caused them to be opened wide as President-elect James K. Polk attempted to deliver a dockside speech. Commodore Corneel Vanderbilt's man, Henry Clay, had lost the election and the Commodore never did like to lose anything—money, races, steamboats, or power. His story, which is the story of the great transportation competition of the Hudson River about mid-century, is true, fascinating, and most enter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West*

"Mode of Crossing Rivers by the Flathead and Other Indians" (Goodsell)

tainingly related. Imagine—steamboat owners used to *pay* you to ride their boats!

You should not take lightly Mr. Hill's bibliography. I daresay there exists no other as comprehensive. It requires rare talent and understanding to breathe life into the musty tomes listed in it, but Mr. Hill has rather brilliantly succeeded. You should take lightly the book's illustrations. Many of them are a trifle slapstick, having been reproduced from original wash or oil paintings, and I believe that fairer representations of actual vessels could have been easily obtained. But perhaps they, too, are all part of the fun.

The strong accent on regional steamboating annoyed me a trifle, for paddle steamboating thrived all over the country for a long generation and not only in the Hudson River Valley and on the Atlantic and Lake Champlain. The SS *Ticonderoga*, one of the two remaining sidewheelers in commission today, is my own favorite so I readily forgive Mr. Hill the fifty pages he devotes to this one vessel. Her story—still continuing—is a proud one.

"Sidewheeler Saga" has made this reviewer, himself a chronicler of the steamboat, insanely jealous. I wish that I could make an equal contribution to the great story of the vanished steamboat.

Notes

THE OLD WEST IN PICTURES: Recently I have had two complementary and pleasurable experiences: the reading of Robert Taft's **"Artists and Illustrators of the Old West"** (Scribner, $8.50) and the opportunity to visit the Thomas Gilcrease Art Gallery and Museum at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Both the book and the Gilcrease collection of paintings deal primarily with the American West as it was in the period between 1850 and 1900, in many ways the most colorful and in some ways the most tragic of American history. In the Gilcrease collection I saw many examples of the historical graphic art that is discussed and illustrated in this remarkable book, which I hasten to say is by a professor of chemistry at the University of Kansas and not by the late United States Senator.

There is something appropriate and something very significant in the geographic origin of the Taft book in Kansas and the geographic location of the Gilcrease collection in Oklahoma, in the fact that these modest and highly intelligent and intensely devoted men have rescued the indigeneous art of their own country and made it available to their own part of the land. One has brought together under one roof what is probably the most complete and extensive collection of Western art to be found anywhere; and the other has without any doubt done the outstanding book on the same subject.

Both men have worked essentially as historians and for history this is important. Actually, the materials they have been concerned with are historical records, whatever they may be as artistic productions. The painters of that half-century, as distinguished from this, believed in being understood. They were more interested in the horse or the Indian or the buffalo or the tipi than they were in themselves, and consequently they made horses look like horses and Indians like Indians and forts like forts. The happy result is that we can look through the eyes of such Western artists as Stanley, Hays, Farny, Schreyvogel, Remington, and Russell, and others less well known, and see what life in the American West was like between 1850 and 1900.

Mr. Taft has made three approaches to his subject. He gives us 248 pages of text in which he sketches in sound historical fashion the life and the work of the men who went West to catch on canvas the exciting life there. He begins with John M. Stanley of the Pacific Railroad surveys, and ends with the Taos art colony at the close of the century. He concludes with the statement that "the years around the turn of the century mark with some finality the end of an important era in the life of the West and of the nation."

The main text is followed by 132 pages of notes which will furnish a rich mine for all who wish to pursue the fascinating subject further. Then comes a section containing ninety reproductions of the paintings and illustrations discussed in the book, and finally the index.

It is customary for professional historians to speak of those who pursue history as a hobby as amateurs. If Robert Taft, the chemist, is an amateur, then more historians should go into chemistry.

—WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB.

THE WAY WEST: It's the history of the Government's efforts to penetrate the vast Western country with roads and trails that W. Turrentine Jackson is telling in **"Wagon Roads West, 1846-1869"** (University of California Press, $5). Professor Jackson has been diligent in his search for materials and has brought together a vast amount of research. One often wonders, as he drives over wide stretches of the great national domain, how it was that roads were located in certain places instead of others. He has given a graphic picture of the process by which these routes were chosen, some of them having grown directly out of initiatory surveys. Other roads were already trails and the surveyors had only to relocate fords and stream crossings and to straighten out bends and to select better grades.

The two departments of the Government concerned with road surveys were those of War and the Interior. Not only did the locators of roads have to deal with bureaucratic red tape and rivalries, but they were likewise subjected to local pressures of all sorts. On top of this, the whole public road program had to be pushed through Congress with an endless

(*Continued on page* 37)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Is a Chair Not a Chair?

Two books edited by Gerd Hatje— ***"Idea 53"*** *(Wittenborn, Schultz. 129 pp. $8.50) and* ***"New Furniture"*** *(Wittenborn, Schultz. 132 pp. $8.50)—reveal in picture and text the latest ideas for furnishing home and garden developed by American and European designers.*

By Martin James

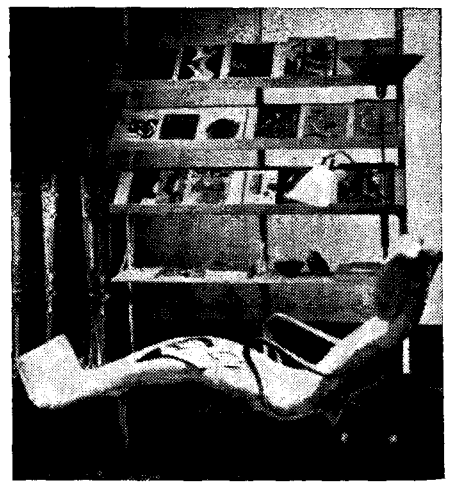
THROUGHOUT the Twenties and Thirties exponents of the philosophy of the Bauhaus and other modern architects demanded that new materials and techniques be adopted in designing and furnishing the home to supplement or supplant conventional forms. Today their prophecies are being fulfilled by plastics pressure-shaped in complicated curves, laminated wood frames, tubes and L-sections of welded steel, honeycombed foam rubber, and plywood to which synthetic resins impart tremendous strength and lightness.

The requirement that materials be used frankly, honestly, and economically is being met by light, vigorous, transparent skeleton construction. Yet the criterion which supposes form to be rigorously derived from function is neither absolute nor self-evident. Even a bridge can be engineered in a number of ways according to the taste and personality of its builder. Hence the variety of solutions available today is tremendous.

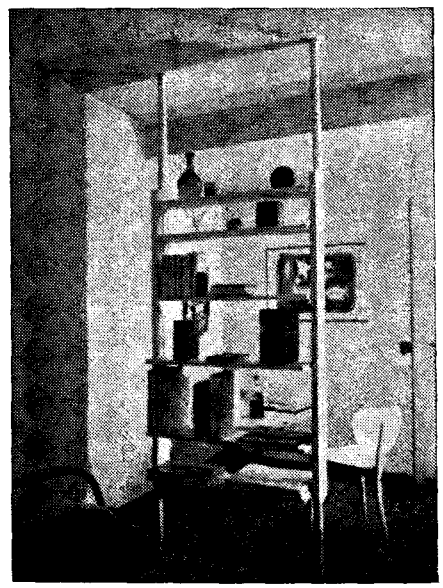
For "Idea 53: International Design Annual" and "New Furniture" Gerd Hatje has selected a total of some 750 clear and often handsome photographs, covering the wide range of objects for home and garden manufactured in Europe and the United States. He has performed his task with fairness and consistently pure taste. In this he was assisted by a panel of experts in the industrial arts: Max Bill (Switzerland), Arthur Hald (Sweden), Heinz Löffelhardt (Germany), Alberto Rosselli (Italy), Erik Skawonius (Sweden), and Herwin Schaefer (United States).

Some of the text is particularly noteworthy. Among the introductory essays to "Idea 53" is one by Max Bill, head of a new school of design in Germany, who discusses the nature of design esthetics and how designers shall be educated not merely as craftsmen, but with the breadth of humanism their responsibilities call for. Gerd Hatje, in his preface to "New Furniture," outlines the character of modern taste; he sees the light and flexible nature of today's furniture as stemming from a way of thinking about the house which "gives up the idea of the home as a collection of rooms serving definite purposes."

The exhibits being divided into categories, comparison is easy, in fact inevitable. There are almost a hundred chairs, and they are followed by tables, cupboards, shelves, beds, nurseries, kitchens, outdoor living. "Idea" presents china and pottery, plastics, glass, wood, textiles, metal, appliances, communications (radios, typewriters, etc.), lamps. Alongside the cuts, captions in English, French, and German describe materials and construction. Manufacturers and designers are conveniently indexed. Some of the more prolific creators are represented more than once, so that definite personalities emerge.



Bruno Mathsson design (Swedish).



—From *"New Furniture."*

Movable shelves by Hans Bellmann (Swiss).

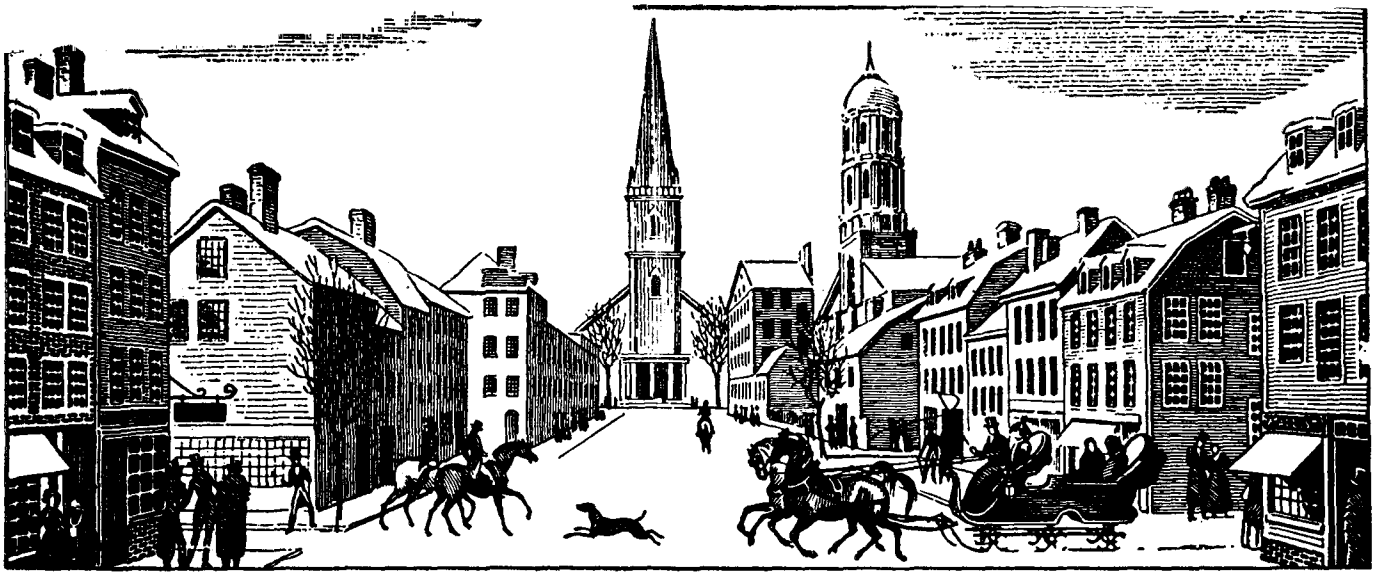
IT is no longer easy to guess where a given chair, table, or typewriter comes from. With wartime shortages and technical lags largely eliminated, any country can use the new processes, provided its market is large enough to make mass-production worthwhile. Rubber, plastic, metal, treated woods, cane, upholstery, and webbing are used and combined with a freedom bordering on promiscuity. Stylistic interactions become quite complex. Forms created in metal or plastic influence construction in solid wood. The streams of national style seem to be flowing toward a common ocean, a composite international style, of which we have in these two volumes perhaps the first survey. It is characterized by an eclecticism flashy at times, but at its best tempered by neutrality, quietness, and refinement.

Not bad taste, but overdesign is the sin with which even this meticulously selected collection flirts. "The humble and anonymous servant"—this, says Le Corbusier, is what furniture should be. "A piece of furniture," says Breuer, "is not part of an arbitrary composition: it is a necessary part of our environment. In itself impersonal, it takes on meaning only from the way it is used, or as part of a complete scheme." And Max Bill speaks of the designer's dream: "To create something of permanent value . . . a perennial teacup, an ever comfortable chair, a coffee pot to end all coffee pots."

Too much of our currently popular "good" design strays from this universal norm. The object, especially if it is a table lamp (and is probably superfluous to start with), is dramatized, monumentalized until it verges on that style which might be termed "gift-shoppe modern" and which will doubtless join in ridicule or oblivion its predecessors, Victorian, Grand Rapids Borax, Streamline, and Jazz-Modern.

If it is true that woodworking has become the second national hobby, could it be that the consumer is in revolt, that he agrees with Gerd Hatje, speaking of furniture for the nursery: "It should be what it unfortunately no longer is for adults: building blocks, units with which the child can play . . . a means of occupying its creative imagination."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "The City of Man."

Wall Street, New York City (circa 1800).

Labors of Peace, Deferments of War

"The City of Man," by Christopher Tunnard *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 424 pp. $8.50) is a lavishly illustrated critique of the conditions of urban living which offers some suggestions as to how it may be made more attractive. Our reviewer, Professor Garvan of the University of Pennsylvania. is editor of the* American Quarterly.

By Anthony N. B. Garvan

PROFESSOR Christopher Tunnard of Yale University has written what promises to be a controversial book. In "The City of Man" he paints a picture of the conditions of urban living in an industrial age, stating the principal issues as he sees them, pulling no punches, and indulging in no polite evasions. The result is a monumental and disturbing canvas. The portrait must be repainted, Professor Tunnard tells us, and although few readers will find all of his solutions equally rewarding, fewer will remain unstirred by one of the most moving architectural appeals since Louis Sullivan's "Autobiography of an Idea."

Professor Tunnard combines an innate conservatism well rooted in historical research with a gentle human sympathy and understanding of the meaning of beauty to the average man. Drawing deeply from a wide knowledge of the American and European past, he demonstrates that however practical, ideological, or economical urban design may be at the outset, what endures in the life of the city is that which has been designed with visual beauty as its principal aim or happy consequence. The squares of London, New York, and Philadelphia, the waterworks at Versailles and Washington, Llewellyn Park and Boston Common originally all shared this characteristic and by implication have become socially useless only after their esthetic unity was shattered by latter-day buildings or street modifications.

One reason the book is likely to stir controversy is that it has the particularly strident note one associates with most American reform movements. With all his knowledge of European texts, Professor Tunnard never imitates the urbane quality of, say, John Summerson or the English *Architectural Review*. Rather, he attacks narrow vision in urban practice wherever it appears—in functional architecture, shoddy housing, antiquarianism, high-speed expressways, the too-green thumb in mid-city, eclecticism run riot.

Yet, for all the smart that Professor Tunnard's words will leave in their wake, one wishes he had included in his purview somewhat more of the findings of sociologists and psychologists who purport to recognize in the groping tragedy of Edward Hopper and Ben Shahn the personality crisis of our times. In their work he could find a measure of the abiding personal confusion which would give his analysis of the city a deeper pathos and poignancy. Had he chosen to pass through the doorway which divides the conceptual world of the city dweller and his daily use of its buildings he would have further confirmed his analysis of balance, symmetry, accent, variety, rhythm, and the rest. That he reached his own conclusions independently perhaps makes their validity more convincing, but had he chosen to explore the growing riches offered by such sociologists as W. L. Warner, David Riesman, W. F. Whyte, and Gunnar Myrdal, he would have laid defenses impregnable to the precious architectural stylists of short memory.

YET without question "The City of Man" is the most important work on urban planning to appear in the United States since Hegemann and Peet's "American Vitruvius" in 1922 and, by virtue of its price and style, likely to be far more influential. Its esthetic criticism deserves comparison with the work of Steen Eiler Rasmussen, especially his "Towns and Buildings," and for its wide scope with the encyclopedic quality of Pierre Lavedan's "Histoire de l'urbanisme."

While the quality of Professor Tunnard's illustrations is excellent, one misses the exact and selective quality of Rasmussen's engravings which fitted his text like well-carved details

(*Continued on page* 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Permanent Literature

"A Critical History of Children's Literature," by Cornelia Meigs, Anne Eaton, Elizabeth Nesbitt, and Ruth Hill Viguers *(Macmillan. 624 pp. $7.50) traces a literary genre in which the English language has been uniquely rich from its ancient origins to today. Here it is reviewed by Helen Ferris, editor-in-chief of The Junior Literary Guild and herself the author of several books for children.*

By Helen Ferris

WITH the publication "A Critical History of Children's Literature" literature for children takes its long merited place in the written history of literature as a whole. Against a richly realized historical and sociological background is presented the emergence among English-speaking peoples of a body of writing for the young more comprehensive and significant than anywhere else in the world.

Edited by a distinguished author of books for young readers, Cornelia Meigs, published under the direction of Doris Patee, able editor of the children's book department of the publisher, it is the work of four recognized authorities and critics of children's literature, each of whom has enjoyed years of intimate association with children and their books.

"This Critical History," writes Cornelia Meigs in her foreword, "is written in an attempt to capture the essence of delight which children have enjoyed in exploring their own literature from the beginnings of remembered history onward, the adventure of childhood itself in finding, pursuing, and even helping to shape the course of that reading which has grown up to be theirs in their own right. This book, moreover, sets out to refute the idea that children's literature has had only a brief and unimportant record. And, finally, it undertakes to offer a critical analysis of what has endured and why, of how time and circumstances have affected the progress of children's literature as it has shaped that of adults, and to discuss what is best in the bewildering abundance of supply which is now available for young people's reading, and where are the contemporary books which, in their turn, may endure."

It is a purpose brilliantly achieved, to which is added a further significance, pointed out by Henry Steele Commager in his stimulating introduction: "Because the record is so long and rich . . . we have in literature not only a continuous record of childhood but . . . of the ideals and standards that society wishes to inculcate into each new generation." The result is a book not only for parents, authors, librarians, and teachers and students of children's literature but for all to whom children are of special concern.

With the sensitive perception by which Miss Meigs has recreated the past in her books for young readers, she brings vividly alive, in the book's first section, "Roots in the Past Up to 1840," the period from the days before the invention of printing to those of Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper. We see the children pressing eagerly forward in the crowd around the ancient storytellers, "young persons who hearkened and remembered and told the same stories to their children in their own time." We feel the drama of the first printed books and rejoice to find among them Caxton's "Aesop's Fables" and, later, the gay little volumes issued by John Newbery, first publisher for children, "Goody Two-Shoes," "Mother Goose."

But the generations during which children delightedly appropriated "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" brought forth as well, in both England and America, "grim representations of the Age of Admonition," with their "doctrines of election and original sin, awareness of possible early death and the necessity of laying up treasures in Heaven." And there arose the clash of philosophies between those adults who held that moral, didactic lessons were of single urgent importance and those who would bring to children books vibrant with life, richness, and beauty.

WE applaud Locke's defense of each child's right to his own individuality; Rousseau's insistence that "Robinson Crusoe" is the only "suitable" book for the young. And there is more than one chuckle in the sight of the children imperturbably going their preferred reading way, in the midst of the contention, taking for their own "the true literature . . . which was cherished in their hearts always."

Anne Eaton, with the warmth of understanding, knowledge, and enthusiasm that made memorable her work as librarian of Lincoln School, considers the years 1840-90 in Widening Horizons. The steady march toward an important body of literature widely beloved by children now gains impressive momentum. Writers for children, quick to sense a new freedom in what can be published for young readers, eagerly grasp the opportunity for the development of their special craft.

LOVED books of one's own childhood are here—"Hans Brinker," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Hans Christian Andersen," "Alice in Wonderland," "Tom Sawyer," "Treasure Island," "Little Women"; together with *St. Nicholas, The Youth's Companion.* In the richness of Miss Eaton's telling enduring memories are given new meaning. Her chapter on Illustrators Who Were More than Illustrators—John Tenniel, Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway—is prophetic of the many picture books to follow; those on Poetry and Fairy Tales are discerning and discriminating.

To her portrayal of the Victorian great Miss Eaton adds an endearing account of the others who in their more humble way played significant part in the era's development of literature for children. Thus Widening Horizons in its entirety, together with Roads Into the Past, brings new evidence of the way in which all literature comes into being.

To Elizabeth Nesbitt, professor of children's literature in the Carnegie Library School, fell the happy task of presenting in A Rightful Heritage 1890-1920 the amazing group of geniuses whose work further bespeaks the changed attitudes toward children since the Age of Admonition. In distinguished prose, with penetrating critical judgment, she writes of Howard Pyle ("A New Era"), Robert Louis Stevenson ("A New Impulse in Romance"), Rudyard Kipling ("The Great Originator") Beatrix Potter ("Classics in Miniature"), Kenneth Grahame ("A Landmark in Fantasy"), and others—among them, the poets of childhood—of this period.

The March of Picture Books in the work of such author-artists as E. Boyd Smith, Boutet de Monvel, and Leslie Brooke heralds the proximity of today's wealth of gay, imaginative, beautiful books for our youngest.

The establishing of children's rooms in public libraries and attendant increasing acknowledgment of the importance of children's literature are rightly recorded in this and the final

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is to be regretted that equally full recognition is not given the work of the pioneer creative editors for boys and girls in our publishing houses, to Louise Seaman Bechtel, May Massee, Helen Dean Fish, Bertha Gunterman, as well as those others who with imagination and wisdom have made possible, in the first instance, publication of distinguished books for children. Their dynamic partnership with authors and children's and school librarians is the greatest single constructive force in the vital development of contemporary children's literature.

In the multitudinous publishing for children of the years 1920-50 Ruth Hill Viguers, professor of children's literature in Simmons Library School, faced the book's most difficult assignment. In The Golden Age she presents the contemporary scene chiefly through mention of outstanding titles with brief evaluations. As a result, these chapters lack the power of the preceding sections.

But to parents bewildered by the mass of books—some good, some indubitably bad—now offered their children Mrs. Viguers's selections will be a welcome guide in the developing of a home library of excellence. Too, through her skilful groupings of the many kinds of today's fine children's books we are given awareness of their significance in terms of stirring and lilting gifts to young minds and hearts—compelling stories of today and yesterday, in our own and other lands; poetry, folk and fairy tales; fantasy, sparkling nonsense; the wonders of the earth, the sea, the sky; the lives of great men and women, rich in inspiration for the seeking young; and more.

From Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" to "Mary Poppins." From "The New England Primer" to "Ferdinand, the Bull." The children have triumphed, indeed!

—By Tenniel.

Alice interrogates the White Knight.

A Friend Is Stein

"The Flowers of Friendship" *(edited by Donald Gallup. Alfred A. Knopf. 403 pp. $5) is a collection of letters written to Gertrude Stein between 1905 and 1945. Mr. Geismar, who reviews it below, is the author of "Rebels and Ancestors," dealing with the American literary scene 1890-1915, to be published next month.*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE LAST TWO famous questions attributed to Gertrude Stein on her deathbed—"What is the answer?" and, a moment later, "What is the question?"—may be taken either as an indication of profundity or the lack of it. I confess I have never been able to evaluate this perplexing and entertaining literary figure with any assurance. I have not even been able to bolster up my own uncertainty. And the same note of admiration and confusion runs through many of the letters addressed to her in Donald Gallup's interesting and valuable collection of letters written to Miss Stein, "The Flowers of Friendship."

"I cast myself out into the open seas of friendship and hope to be supported and understood," wrote Thornton Wilder as one of Gertrude Stein's devoted admirers. "So: there are long long stretches of the 'Four in America' where I don't understand a word." Another amusing contretemps in these letters was Miss Stein's attempt to persuade Ellery Sedgwick (whom she first called Ellen) to publish her advanced prose in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He refused, politely but adamantly, until she wrote "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," which everybody, at last, could understand. Meanwhile her reputation had grown steadily in her own circle, but as a critic and patron of the arts rather than as a creative artist in her own right.

It was perhaps only after Virgil Thomson's opera of "Four Saints in Three Acts" that her prose became established in its own vein, though as an influence it had already affected Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, and through these figures the whole current of contemporary American writing. One might say that a little of Stein is indispensable; too much is incomprehensible. (And one thinks of James Joyce, who was also an influence and a master of his genre.)

Similarly, a number of the letters in this collection are either purely social or convey adulation without enlightenment. There are impressive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

names here: William James, who was Gertrude Stein's early teacher, George Santayana, the Sitwells, Alfred Stieglitz, H. G. Wells, Alfred North Whitehead, John Dewey, Bernard Berenson.

Is it arbitrary to ask for that rare quality in literary expression for which the letter form is particularly suited: the truth about a human being? In general such letters are quickly destroyed or put away; we are afraid of them.

SO IT is refreshing to see the first line of a note from Pablo Picasso. "I received your letter and the money, thank you," before the painter went on to talk about his early work. And there is René Crevel's summary of another young friend of Gertrude Stein's. "I have seen this summer at Antibes . . . a curious fellow Scott Fitzgerald. Curious and poor fellow. A boy. He has a wonderful wife, you know her, I think, but what this young, charming and spirituel people has in the hed (tête?) I cannot say."

These unsteady lines are worth pages of official literary criticism. That is what a letter should do. Ernest Hemingway did somewhat the same thing when he advised Gertrude Stein to publish her work in the *Transatlantic Review* rather than to have it embalmed in "Major [T.S.] Eliot's *Criterion*." Again, Leo Stein, the brother, cut through the strange and disturbed family relationships which haunted Gertrude Stein's own work, but which she concealed or exploited, rather than solved, when he wrote about his final release from what had been really "a prolonged disease, a kind of mild insanity." Then there is a tragic series of letters from Bernard Fay, who moved so swiftly, in the latter part of this book, from the Bibliothèque Nationale, under Pétain's Government, to a prison cell after the liberation of France.

I should not neglect Carl Van Vechten's series of letters which (until he began to call Alice Toklas and Gertrude Stein "Mama" and "Baby Woojums") give almost the best feeling of New York in the Twenties. No, "The Flowers of Friendship" still doesn't help to clarify Gertrude Stein or her work. But it does offer a fine panorama of the whole period from 1905, when she had just finished "Three Lives," to 1945, when she, of all people, began to interpret the native G. I. This was the period which marked the climax of modern European art and the flowering of modern American literature. She was at the very least a focal point between the two movements, and I would guess that her final position will be evaluated in these terms.

Wild Man from the Mines

"The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence," edited by Frederick J. Hoffman and Harry T. Moore *(University of Oklahoma Press. 290 pp. $4) is another example of that flourishing literary form, the anthology of critical pieces about a major writer. Mr. Crane, who reviews it here, is a member of the faculty, on leave, of the University of Chicago.*

By Milton Crane

THE anthology of criticism concerning one author seems to have established itself firmly as a literary—or at least a publisher's—genre, and there is apparently little that anyone can do about it at this date. John McCaffrey's Hemingway and Alfred Kazin's F. Scott Fitzgerald led the way, setting extremely high standards; Charles Neider's Thomas Mann and the Faulkner of Frederick J. Hoffman and Olga Vickery were not far behind, and there are still others. There was, to be sure, a fair amount of chaff with the grain: if one is determined, as these editors quite properly were, to insure that no significant aspect or work of the author under consideration went unrepresented by some critical study, it was necessary from time to time to scrape the bottom of the barrel. But, in general, the critics had not stinted themselves, and the anthologists did not seek in vain.

—*By Witter Bynner.*

D. H. Lawrence—"grossly misrepresented."

The captious might ask—as some of them did—to what purpose all this activity was being expended. It is one thing to read an extended work by a single critic on, let us say, Thomas Hardy or André Gide; one absorbs the analyses, interpretations, intuitions of a critical intelligence that has occupied itself for a certain length of time with its subject, and one expects, among other things, an integrated view and estimate of the artist under consideration.

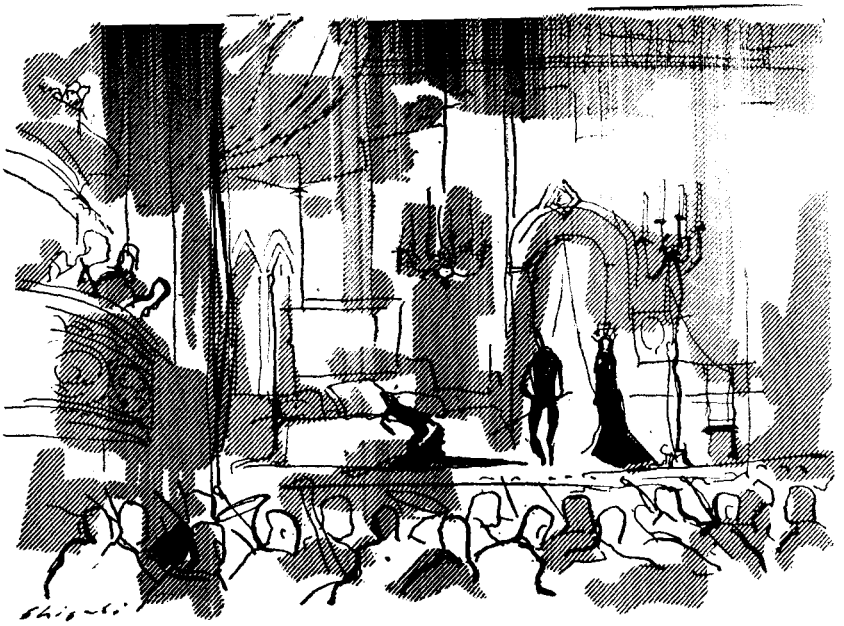
But the critical anthology by definition can offer no such thing. It consists typically of biographical sketches of the artist, essays (or chapters of books) dealing with the artist's total achievement, and yet other essays (or chapters of books) on individual works of the artist. Whatever unity such a book can have must be supplied by the editor in the way of an introduction to his collection. For if the contributions have been chosen with sufficient care they are likely to display a great diversity of approaches, not easily reconcilable in a single volume. And if they do not display such a diversity one must wonder whether the book fairly represents the published criticism of the artist.

"The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence" is decidedly a case in point. It has been edited by Professor Frederick J. Hoffman, who has previously collaborated on a similar collection of Faulkner criticism and who has also published a history of the modern American novel and a study entitled "Freudianism and the Literary Mind," and by Professor Harry T. Moore, a well-known student of Lawrence and author of "The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence." Professors Hoffman and Moore have written a forty-five-page introduction to their collection, describing the history of Lawrence criticism.

THE editors do not hesitate to admit that they have a *parti pris*. They begin by explaining that Lawrence must be rescued from both his detractors and his adulatory "scribbling women," who have so grossly misrepresented him before the world by dwelling on the details of his private life. As the editors recount the critical history of Lawrence's works and summarize the

(*Continued on page* 35)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Belated Justice for Authors

By MELVILLE CANE

BACK in the year 1934 the poet Alfred Kreymborg brought a suit against Jimmy Durante for infringement of copyright. Kreymborg lost, despite the fact that he held a perfectly valid copyright and Durante had used his works without permission. This unjust result was reached because the writers of the Copywright Law had done a bungling job by failing to plug a loophole. It has taken Congress nineteen years to cure its slovenliness.

The case was based on three of Kreymborg's copyrighted poems. We quote one as a sample:

We have a one-room home
You have a two-room, three-room, four-room.
We have a one-room home
because a one-room home holds all we have.
We have a one-room home
because we do not want
a two-room, three-room, four-room.
If we had a two-room, three-room, four-room
we would need more than a one-room home.
We have a one-room home.
We like a one-room home.

These poems appealed to Durante's vein of fantasy. They looked like good material for his vaudeville turn and for delivery over the radio. In lawyer's idiom he "sang, shouted, and recited" them without so much as a by-your-leave, let alone any payment for the privilege. The general notion to the contrary notwithstanding, poets must eat. Kreymborg was no exception.

But when he came into court he was met with a fateful question. Under what provision of the Copyright Law did he base his claim?

He quoted the section which granted protection against public performance or delivery of copyrighted works in the case of a lecture, sermon, address, or similar production, a drama, or a musical composition. Alas, the word "poem" nowhere appeared in the list. The argument that a poem came under the general phrase "similar production" was rejected on the theory that the law must be construed strictly and narrowly against the author; if Congress had meant to include poems it could easily have done so.

There remained but one final desperate contention: Durante's rendition, taking into account his dynamic, ebullient personality, was in effect a dramatization of the poems, and dramatizations, whatever the basic material or form, were protected. But, the court announced with finality: "In their original form and as first written the poems were not dramatic works. They were not cast in the dramatic form; they were lacking in plot, characters, and action. They may have had dramatic possibilities, when taken with other material, but they were not dramatic compositions within the ordinary meaning of the term."

The decision in Kreymborg vs. Durante has been the law ever since. In consequence, anyone has been able with impunity to take copyrighted poetry and use it freely over the radio or on television, and therefore to deprive the author of a legitimate source of income.

WRITERS of fiction found themselves in a similar helpless predicament. By the same token, a short-story or a novel was not a lecture, a sermon, an address, or "similar production." Accordingly, a fiction writer, even though his work had been properly copyrighted, had no redress so long as his work was merely read over the air. Broadcasting stations were quick to seize their opportunity. They could read a novel in chapter instalments from beginning to end; only if they reproduced it in the form of a play with actors cast in the roles of the characters were they violating the law and obligated to pay. A dramatic use was forbidden, a mere reading or recital was permissible.

Now at last this patent injustice has been cured by an amendment to the law, which went into effect this year. A simple all-inclusive phrase, "or other non-dramatic work," grants to the author of a poem or a piece of fiction the additional rights in his literary property which the old law and the Kreymborg decision had denied to him. The words "to read or present" are likewise inserted to apply to all the works specified. In expanding these new rights the author also receives the exclusive privilege "to make or procure the making of any transcription or record" of his creation, "by or from which, in whole or in part, it may in any manner or by any method be exhibited, delivered, presented, produced, or reproduced; and to play or perform it in public for profit, and to exhibit, represent, produce, or reproduce it in any manner or by any method whatsoever."

And as a specific deterrent against a violation of these rights the amendment provides damages not to exceed $100 for an infringement by broadcast where the infringer shows that he was unaware of the author's rights "and that such infringement could not have been reasonably foreseen." But where the appropriation is not innocent but deliberate the author's right to collect damages is unrestricted.

Oddly, this important change in the Copyright Law has remained comparatively unnoticed to date. It comes as good news to authors and publishers, though it may not be as welcome to the unscrupulous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD *Feature Editor*, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY *Associate Publisher*, W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1953, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Dangerous Non-Thinker

"HE THINKS too much: such men are dangerous" has its more frequent counterpart in those who think too little and so too are dangerous. In a world the pace of which is constantly accelerating, where events follow each other in bewildering succession, and the mere business of living has become so intricate as hardly to allow of interludes for contemplation, it is too little thought from which society currently suffers.

Science with its miraculous inventions has brought all the ends of the earth together, so that pressure of distant affairs bears hard and steadily on men where once only happenings immediate in space and time demanded their concern. The ceaseless flow of news, the endless bombardment of the senses by the various means of communication, the mobility of the nation all make for a disjointed and haphazard mental attitude on the part of the many.

Ours is a utilitarian society wedded to an idealistic faith which now finds itself faced with the necessity of extending and expounding to foreign peoples ideas and ideals which it has absorbed by a process of osmosis. Every American knows what he means by democracy, by freedom, by a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, but he is hard put to it to translate that knowledge into words which will have the same meaning for aliens.

Nevertheless, if we are to realize Mr. Eisenhower's conception of a nation that will build as boldly in peace as it fights in war it is essential that all Americans not only approve help for Korea and grain for starving Pakistan but that they understand the foundations of our polity, grasp the issues that confront us, and are willing and determined to make decisions on carefully reasoned grounds and not under the sway of emotion or excitement. The whole ridiculous imbroglio over our libraries abroad could have been prevented by straight-thinking and straight-talking when discussion began about them instead of after absurd lengths had been reached. And it is impossible to believe that a phenomenon like McCarthyism could continue to exist in America if the people who elected him would stop to reason instead of to feel.

AGAIN to quote the President, the American people are entitled to know not only what has been done but where they are going. That is their right but they themselves have an obligation, an obligation which extends beyond merely keeping abreast of what Government is doing. It is imperative that they become an active partner in the administration of the country by informing themselves thoroughly of affairs, analyzing proposals and policies carefully, and forming seasoned judgments on the basis of knowledge. For it is the people in the long run that is the Government, and the success of America's international policy as of its domestic will depend on the control they exert by the opinions they bring to bear upon their representatives.

It is a tragic fact that it should be so much harder to rally sentiment for peace than for war, that, whereas after a conflict is under way no sacrifice is too great for a nation to make, no internal differences so acute that they cannot be composed, when hostilities are over it is grievously difficult to keep resolution high and purpose united. Peace has no drums and trumpets to stir the pulse, no heroic drama to uplift the heart. It must rely on the cold light of reason instead of on emotion. But it is what is done in peace that will prevent war, and what is done will be good or bad as it has the enlightened and considered opinion of society behind it.

—A. L.

Reverberations

(From a Writers' Conference)

By Christine Turner Curtis

. . . . And for the last time saw the reeds
stab the shivering water with dark lances,
breaking the surface, as certain glances
thrust their sharp goads

into the unbroken pool, the solitude
of the tranced self, to shatter its unconcern,
to trouble the reluctant water, making it churn
from mode to mode.

And for the last time heard frogs pluck
their contrabasses at the foot of the scale,
threshing the spirit like the strokes of a flail,
breaking the lock

that shuts the secret world from the sky above;
and so returning to familiar places
felt ripples of those glances, reeds and basses
subaqueous move.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THANK YOU FROM JAPAN

As this month marks the elapse of [illegible] three years since The Saturday Review moral adoption program was extended to our orphanage by your kind efforts, I wish to take this opportunity to make a brief report to the readers of your magazine on how the program has contributed to the welfare of the children here.

First, the fact that the children now have persons whom they can call their own father and mother has brought them greatest comfort and joy, as it was the loss of their parents that used to make them so unhappy and ill-feeling. The recent tendency being that the younger generation show more or less higher respect and admiration for the Americans, there seems to be some who are tempted to show off that they have father and mother in the United States.

Second, the love and care extended by their adopting parents through encouraging letters, frequent gift packages, and the rearing funds have changed their attitude toward the United States and her people, and now they show respect and friendliness to the Americans instead of the ill-feeling they used to entertain because of the great sufferings they had to undergo in the bomb disaster. No doubt this change will mean much in the future as they grow up and enlist themselves in the forces that stand for real peace and friendship among nations.

One such example is represented by a lad of thirteen, called Minoru Iwamoto. As a chubby boy of five he was deprived of his parents and his home on that fateful day and he was rescued from under the collapsed house where he had been pinned down. His face still carries enough scars made by splintered glass to remind you of his sufferings and it was just recently that he had not a few fragments of glass extracted from under the skin. Minoru was the first boy here to be morally adopted and since then his hatred and the feeling of loneliness and frequent complaints gradually disappeared. Now he is getting along with a bright outlook and renewed hopes for the future. I am personally gratified to observe this change, as I have been trying to persuade my children that the bomb disaster was not brought upon us by the Americans alone, but that we Japanese have much to share in the responsibility of causing such a disaster to happen.

Third, the funds sent over from *The Saturday Review* moral parents amply cover the deficit that would otherwise result in the management, to the amount of 20 per cent of the total expenses required. The result is that now the children are cleaner and healthier and better equipped with school paraphernalia. People's attitudes toward the children have also changed and they no longer speak of them as poor and dirty orphans.

Fourth, savings from the funds have enabled us to provide many of the necessary facilities and articles required. Thus, we now have a library for the children, covering the floor area of about 2,000 sq. ft.; a recreational hall (floor area: 540 sq. ft.) for indoor games and sports, such as table tennis; a playground.

Fifth, the funds sent from America also help children receive higher education in high schools and colleges, which is otherwise impossible for children in care of ordinary social welfare institutions in Japan. We now have eight high-school students and one college boy. They are all very grateful for their moral parents and doing their best to live up to their parents' expectation.

During the past three years our own orphanage alone has received in all Y1,894,000 or about $5,260 in cash, 702 letters, and 311 gift packages for the children. The other orphanages have benefited proportionately. It is our great regret that our insufficient command of English hinders us from duly expressing our heartfelt gratefulness in more prompt and frequent thank-you letters and that it also constitutes an obstacle to the children in the correspondence with the parents.

I can say with confidence that, were it not for the moral adoption program, my children would never be as happy and cheerful as they are now, and I wish to extend my sincere expression of appreciation to you and your fine colleagues, as well as to all of the good moral parents of my children.

Yoshimaro Mori.
Director,
Ninoshima Gakuen.
Hiroshima, Japan.

Editor's Note: *The plan for moral adoption of Hiroshima orphans by individuals or families in this country was originally put forward in* SR *in the issue of Sept. 17, 1949. For two years clerical details were handled in the* SR *office. Thereafter the administration of the project was taken over by the Rev. Marvin Green, in behalf of the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, 279 Park Ave., Orange, N. J., who will be happy to hear from any readers interested in the moral adoption program.*

Through History With J. Wesley Smith

"And so, after investigating the Irish question personally, I beg to report—"

CAVORTING NUDITY?

Never did I expect to see a hodegpodge of semi-naked men and women cavorting on the cover design of *The Saturday Review* [June 20].

True, the picture can by no stretch of the imagination be called improper but it is, alas, just one more offense against good taste added to the frightful satiety of cover pictures of bathing beauties and naked gals displayed *ad nauseam* by the women's and confession magazines and such periodicals as *Look* and *Life*.

Abbie Llewellyn Snoddy.

Hollywood, Calif.

BOOP-BOOP AND BU-BU

The Review of "Call Me Lucky" by Bing Crosby, captioned "Mr. Boop-doop-a-doop," is incorrect. The correct one is Boop-boop-a-doop. This phrase does not characterize Bing Crosby, but rather Helen Kane, an Akron, Ohio girl who made good in Hollywood by singing the phrase Boop-boop-a-doop as a "break" between two successive musical phrases. If my memory serves me well Helen Kane played an ingenue in a Hollywood musical called "Pointed Heels."

Bing Crosby might well have been referred to as "Mr. Bu-bu-bu-boo." He introduced a musical break in a song which identified him, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day."

Joe Biggins.

San Francisco, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The TNP of Jean Vilar

AVIGNON.

LAST WEEK'S discussion of the French theatre omitted the work of two of France's three leading repertory companies. One, the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault Company, is preparing for a strenuous 1953-54 season in which it will not only add at least three plays to its repertoire (Claudel's "Christophe Colomb," Giraudoux's "Pour Lucrèce," and Kleist's "Penthilisée"), but will inaugurate a 200-seat workshop schedule to experiment with such plays as Henry de Montherlant's "La Ville dont le Prince est un Enfant."

The other is Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire, which is appearing at the Avignon Drama Festival prior to other culture potpourris, including the one at Edinburgh where it will give performances of "Richard II" and Molière's "The Miser." Like Barrault, the forty-one-year-old Vilar was apprenticed in the theatre of Charles Dullin. He came to public attention seven years ago when he staged the first drama festival at Avignon's Palais des Papes. In 1950 he and his company were given a three-year contract by the French Government to produce a repertoire of plays four months in Paris, and the rest of the year in all the towns where people had no regular opportunity to see theatre. Since the contract provided a subsidy of $100,000 a year in a country where theatre costs are about one-tenth of what they are in the United States, M. Vilar's company has been able to provide handsome productions at prices from thirty-five cents to $1 instead of the usual sixty cents to $2.80. Another reason that his productions are handsome is that M. Vilar doesn't believe in having very much stage decor. Instead he concentrates on bright costumes and specially composed music with only a few objects in the foreground to suggest the scene.

More money is saved on the actors. They are all well trained and most of them come from the Conservatoire. However, none is allowed to become a star. The reason is not purely economic, but derives from M. Vilar's firm practice of the theory that plays are not vehicles for one or two actors, but whole works in which every detail is of equal importance. Even Gérard Philippe, who according to members of the company is the only really gifted actor among them, subscribes to this principle and frequently plays minor roles. During the summer M. Philippe plays no roles at all, for he has an agreement with Vilar which releases him to make films. In this way he can recoup some of the income he sacrifices by staying with the company during the winter.

While M. Vilar and his group of twenty are a well-read outfit with a keen interest in all the arts, they avoid doing the purely intellectual play. What does attract them is the historical piece in which there is opportunity for pageantry. This goes well with the unsophisticated and often uninitiated playgoer to whom the TNP takes its plays. This does not mean in any sense that it plays down to these audiences. "If a piece of art is good," says M. Vilar, "they will feel it, even though they may not understand it. That is why the Louvre is for everybody."

M. Vilar is brutally opinionated in his choice of plays. He does not let the middle initial of TNP cause him to neglect the plays of foreign authors. In his repertoire are such aliens as Shakespeare's "Henry IV" and "Richard II," Büchner's "Danton's Death," Brecht's "Mother Courage," Kleist's "The Prince of Hamburg," and Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." The latter is a favorite of his; oddly enough, he does not like the British poet's more successful "The Cocktail Party." "A great play cannot be pessimistic," says the producer, "but must liberate you." M. Vilar feels that a man must be a poet if his work is to last as dramatic literature. "Ibsen, zero" he says emphatically. "Also the American playwrights so far—nothing that will last."

To judge from the size and enthusiasm of the audiences at Avignon, M. Vilar's opinions seem to have worked well for him.

Shakespeare's "Richard II," for all the loss in translation ("Down, down I come, like glistering Phaeton," has become "Je descends, je descends comme le fils d'Apollon"), has in this TNP production gained size and panoramic effect. For one thing it is being played on a semi-circular platform so vast that characters must often begin their entrances some moments before a departing character has finished his final speech. The phenomenon is similar to what occurred in the revamped version of "The Crucible" and is really ideal technique for any play that demonstrates events involving the external behavior of a large group of characters. Another particular benefit of this production is that "Richard II" depicts historical happenings that occurred *after* the Palais des Papes had been built. Thus the play sheds some of the fairy-tale unreality that often goes with the presentation of ancient legends in modern theatres.

While M. Vilar is not familiar with Anthony Quayle's Stratford experiment of presenting "Richard II," "Henry IV," and "Henry V" in a cycle, his production resembles Quale's in that it does not slight Bolingbroke. In fact, at the end of the play he takes a liberty with Shakespeare by leaving Bolingbroke seated on the throne in extreme anxiety, and he might just as well have added the speech from Henry IV that begins "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," etc.

AS for Richard, which is acted by M. Vilar himself, the interpretation is one of a neurotic man who behaves in foolish excess while he wears the crown. To underline these qualities he hangs his head a bit to one side and uses many quick violent gestures such as suddenly turning on Mowbray and striking him to his knees in royal obedience. It is the actor-director's contention that since "Richard II" is Shakespearean and not Greek tragedy the eventual failure of the king should not be foreshadowed and should remain in doubt until the tenth scene when he learns that his allies have deserted him. Then for the first time in his life Richard becomes great as the unjustly deposed king. And M. Vilar's performance, while it lacks the majestic music it can only have in English with a Gielgud or an Evans singing the phrases, does present a bitter picture of a man who falls from a high position to ignominy.

The technical details of the production are interesting. Because Léon Gischia's costumes are so bright and gay, it often looks like a musical-comedy version of "Richard II." This feeling is reinforced by Maurice Jarre's melodic and syncopated background music. Probably it's the first time spectators at a Shakespearean tragedy ever left the theatre whistling a tune.

This twenty-eight-year-old composer is also the hero of the twin bill of Molière's "Le Medécin malgré lui" and Henri Monnier's "La Garde malade." He ties the two together with his jumpy music, used not only for the entrances of characters, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[illegible] PRESENTS

LAURENCE OLIVIER

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

BY JOHN GAY
WITH STANLEY HOLLOWAY
ADAPTED BY CHRISTOPHER FRY
DIRECTED BY PETER BROOK

FILMED IN ENGLAND
IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

AMERICAN PREMIERE
MONDAY

AIR COND. A WALTER READE THEATRE
BARONET
3rd Ave. at 59th St. (opposite Bloomingdales) EL 5-1663

mobilkit DESIGN and assemble your own fascinating MOBILES

Creative art form for all ages—easy to use precision kit has special balancing device, steel wires, colored plastic, sheet metal, all re-usable for endless combinations to hang in stairwell, livingroom, nursery. Complete simple instructions. $6.00 Postpaid. No C.O.D. MobiProducts, Dept. C, Box 261, Bloomington, Indiana.

Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete New index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SR's* "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street,
New York 36, N. Y.

BUY U.S.
SAVINGS
BONDS

also for the stagehands who set the stage in rhythm. His mandolin composition for the Molière play is so catchy that it could top the Hit Parade if it were to be recorded with American lyrics. And such lyrics would not be out of place, for M. Jarre is close to Ellington and Wilder.

The two plays unfortunately do not live up to the music. The direction is by some members of the company whom M. Vilar has encouraged to do a *mise en scène*, and the result is mainly dissociated slapstick.

The third play presented at Avignon is Molière's "Don Juan." Again the director and portrayer of the title role is Vilar, this time looking very much like Adolphe Menjou. Since "Don Juan" is more intimate than "Richard II," the largeness of the stage is often a handicap. However, it is also a morality play in which God wreaks punishment on the atheistic adventurer.

THE acting in this play is charming and Daniel Sorano in the role of Don Juan's valet steals the show with a frantic scene in which he reasons with Don Juan in an attempt to convert him to the Christian life. He concludes by getting so muddled that in a burst of excitement he trips and falls—as does his argument—flat on his face. As well as being funny, this is right for Molière. For the great playwright was trying to show that faith, not logic, was the way to salvation. Don Juan's fault was his excessive logicality.

On the basis of these four productions at Avignon without Gérard Philippe, the Théâtre National Populaire seems a most vital contribution to the theatre in general. It is not great acting but it is excellent portraying. It is not fully unified, but it is freer in its use of all theatre elements than other companies. It is not—André Malraux's program note to the contrary notwithstanding—art, but it is highly developed craft. While these qualities may make TNP less inviting to those who regard the theatre as an esthetic temple, they make it more attractive to a much larger uncritical group who relish a feast of great plays, bright costumes, and intoxicating music without the baffling obscurity that comes from smothering the proceedings in a sauce of dated theatrical conventions. The French Government has been most wise in subsidizing the Théâtre National Populaire. As Jean-Paul Sartre has remarked, "We readily denounce the mediocrity of the contemporary theatre, but the public is getting the theatre it deserves. It must support Vilar or stop complaining."

—HENRY HEWES.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"THE BAND WAGON"
starring
FRED ASTAIRE
CYD CHARISSE
OSCAR LEVANT
NANETTE FABRAY
JACK BUCHANAN
with
JAMES MITCHELL
color by TECHNICOLOR
Story and Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Songs by HOWARD DIETZ and ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Alpine Echoes"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

"One of the top pictures of the year! A picture that grips you from beginning to end!"
—N. Y. Post

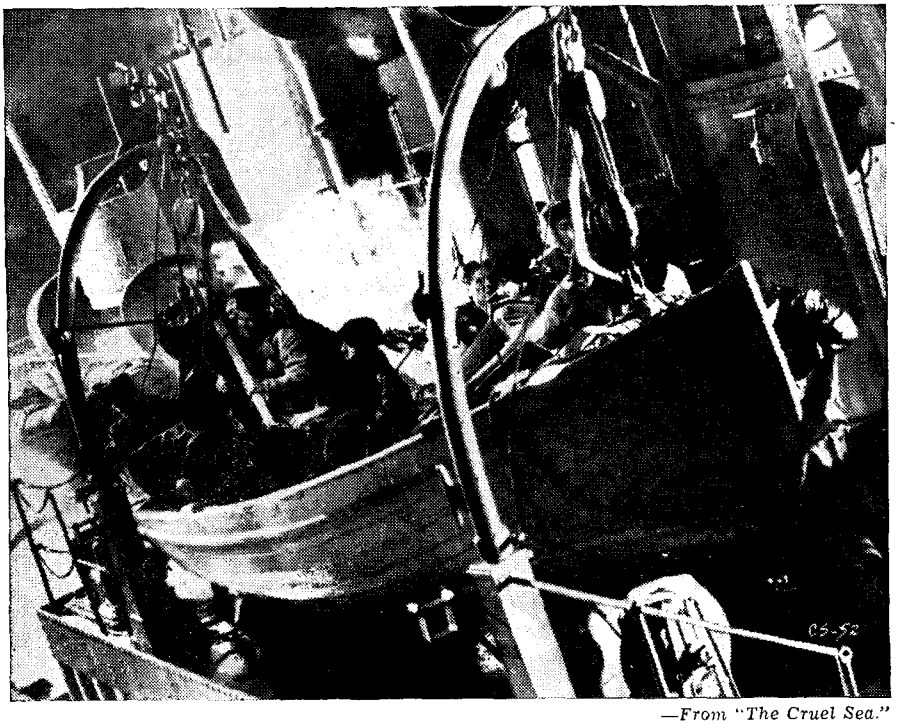
starring
BURT LANCASTER·MONTGOMERY CLIFT
DEBORAH KERR·FRANK SINATRA
DONNA REED

Screenplay by DANIEL TARADASH • Based on the best-selling novel by JAMES JONES
Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

GIANT SCREEN • with STEREOPHONIC SOUND
COOL
CAPITOL
B'way & 51st St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Movies from Three Books



—From "The Cruel Sea."

At last *Compass Rose* is torpedoed—"two German subs during six years of churning."

IT WAS inevitable that Ealing Studios, most consistently successful of the British film companies since World War II, would sooner or later feel its oats and make a really big, really serious picture. The chance came when the rights to Nicholas Monsarrat's **"The Cruel Sea"** were purchased. The Battle of the Atlantic has already had a good deal of motion-picture coverage, but Ealing's version is the definitive one. "The Cruel Sea" is a fine, carefully detailed study of the role played by the corvettes, the British convoy escorts designed to hunt down and destroy enemy submarines that preyed, in ever-increasing packs, on Allied shipping. It wasn't a very glamorous role, and Ealing doesn't attempt to make it glamorous. It was simply a hard, terribly dangerous, and often nightmarish job that the corvettes were called upon to do. That the subs were too many for them and too difficult to spot is made amply clear.

Sir Michael Balcon, Ealing's capable chief of production, managed to scout out a veteran corvette similar to *Compass Rose* described in the novel and, before she was junked, turned loose his actors and camera crew aboard her. One of the more remarkable aspects of the production is the way in which camera and equipment were set up in every conceivable nook and cranny of the ship. For two hours you're sailing with her, all right, and those who are prone to seasickness might bring along a Dramamine tablet to help combat the roll and the sway.

The crew of *Compass Rose* and, later on, of its replacement sank a total of two German subs during six years of ceaseless churning through the Atlantic waters. Meanwhile the subs showed a justifiable lack of regard for her depth charges and went ahead sinking freighters by the dozen. *Compass Rose* performed another service, however, by rescuing hundreds of victims of the torpedoes. The movie spares us little of the grimness involved in these rescue missions. The sailors, when they are dragged aboard, are victims of exposure, suffering from burns, perishing from the oil fumes they have inhaled. One vivid scene shows *Compass Rose*, her engines stilled, picking up survivors, the while the ship presents all too likely a target for any hovering submarine. A footstep on an iron stairway rings through the surrounding, breathbated silence, and one feels like whispering, "Shh . . ."

Jack Hawkins, a first-rate British actor, stylishly plays the corvette commander, a brave man with an edgy irritation always about to break through. Less well known, but just as good, are Donald Sinden, John Stratton, and Denholm Elliott, who are seen as officers of the ship's company. That British stiff upper lip trembles now and then, but it's always firm in the pinches and, should someone die, it's quietly and with no fuss. There are some ship-to-shore romances ranging from bitter to sweet in tone, and one of them involves a pretty Wren (Julie Hallam) and Donald Sinden. Nothing very passionate, just patient devotion and hope for the future. When *Compass Rose* goes down finally, in a dark, freezing sea, Virginia learns of it through her job at the Admiralty. "Oh, did you know someone on her?" an officer asks, seeing her go silent all of a sudden. "Yes," she replies. "Bad show," the officer says, and both get on with their duties.

The understatement is heavier, so to speak, than in American movies—almost as though there's a chap with a heavy pencil there at Ealing ready to black out any unseemly show of sentiment in a script. I'm not complaining, you understand, just commenting. The script, by the way, was done by Eric Ambler, and as long as he stays at sea and tells a story of brave tired men and their ships he's first-rate. It only drags when he's working hard at the understatement. You'll meet a lot of likable people, nevertheless, in the movie, and I daresay you'll find them memorable.

* * *

Just as Hollywood will occasionally attempt to scale the literary heights by adapting, say, "Julius Caesar," it is just as prone to go in an entirely

SR Recommends

The Cruel Sea: Reviewed in this issue.
The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)
From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8.)
Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1.)
The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25.)
Stalag 17: How plenty of horseplay enlivens the tedium of a German prison; the successful Broadway play faithfully transplanted. (*SR* July 4.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposite direction, and sometimes there's no limit to its descent. Its latest literary adaptation is "I, the Jury," a Mickey Spillane opus. The nightmarish world inhabited by Spillane's creatures is made even more weird by black and white 3-D photography. I made every attempt to understand what was going on in the story, followed carefully every blow to the stomach Mike Hammer—the detective—landed, listened to the strange love talk as well as the even stranger deductions about the reasons for six or seven killings, and decided it was all quite beyond me. I wasn't able to dig it, as the expression goes.

I had the feeling, though—and it was just a feeling—that the whole thing was concocted by an avid adolescent who had read too many detective stories of the Hammett-Chandler school and had then attended a lecture on psychoanalysis given at the New School for Social Research. Perhaps there's a fetish about the human midsection involved, too, for everyone eventually gets it in the belly, whether it's a fist or a bullet. The people who "get it" include a lady psychoanalyst who is blonde, beautiful, and who kisses deadly; an art connoisseur who likes jewels and young men; an instructress in a dance academy; and somebody called Jack Williams who knew a lot of eerie people in Greenwich Village. I guess there are simply those who dig this stuff and those who don't.

* * *

"The Master of Ballantrae" is another adaptation, this one made from the Robert Louis Stevenson novel. In it Errol Flynn, as Jamie Durisdeer, prances around through a lively series of Technicolored adventures taking place in eighteenth-century Scotland. Mr. Flynn is assisted by Roger Livesey and Anthony Steel as well as the lady of his rather fickle heart, Beatrice Campbell. The sort of thing that's fun if you're in the mood for it. The color is nice, the costumes are fancy, and the sets are handsome. And just about the time the whole series of dizzying incidents begins to get wearisome the movie sensibly stops. —Hollis Alpert.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
BLACK DEATH *Anthony Gilbert* (Random: $2.50)	Four-way London blackmailer done in; Atty. Arthur Crook ferrets it out.	Panel treatment unhappy (it usually is); credibility strain high.	Not up to his usual
DEATH IS SKIN DEEP *Catherine Percy* (Abelard: $2.50)	N. Y. publisher gets death threat via manuscript.	Odd lot, these publishers (also authors, agents).	People are funny, but not this funny
THE FIGURE IN THE DUSK *John Creasey* (Harper: $2.50)	English bizmen knocked off like tenpins; Insp. West looks, leaps.	Scotland Yarders good, but civilians are a queer crew.	Elaborate plot retards pace
DEATH OF A CORINTHIAN *Edwin Lanham* (Harcourt Brace: $2.95)	Conn. yachtsman, alone on craft, vanishes; Coast Guard, cops, get busy.	Enameled job, smooth and slick; salt-water background excellent.	Easy to take
CODE THREE *James M. Fox* (Little Brown: $2.75)	Bookie in L.A. area rubbed out; case mushrooms into big stuff.	Swell start as straight police job, but involvements slow pace.	Disappointing
TOO DEAD TO RUN *Jason Manor* (Viking: $2.50)	Town near S.F. set to choose mayor when slugs blast candidate.	Confusing, over-populated, over-plotted.	Earnest, honest, but fails to jell
POST MORTEM *Guy Cullingford* (Lippincott: $2.50)	British pro. author ostensibly narrates story of own murder.	Far below his previous; unscientific fiction.	Just too ducky for words
TERROR LURKS IN DARKNESS *Dolores Hitchens* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Chewed throats fatal to assorted L.A. folks; various gals in middle.	Characterization, atmosphere alike good; pace slows occasionally.	Rates plus mark
THE SAINT VS. SCOTLAND YARD *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Revival, after 21 years, of Rafflesish character now enshrined in comic strips.	Good-badman theme old as hills, but popularity holds.	Period piece

—Sergeant Cuff.

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
New Musical Comedy
Me AND Juliet
with ISABEL BIGLEY · BILL HAYES · JOAN McCRACKEN
RAY WALSTON · MARK DAWSON · JACKIE KELK
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEATRE, W. 44 St.
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.

R & H
YUL BRYNNER
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I
A Musical Play
with CONSTANCE CARPENTER
TERRY SAUNDERS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 St.
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.

NEW POPULAR PRICES!
MARTHA WRIGHT · GEORGE BRITTON
In The Pulitzer Prize Musical Play
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK · WILLIAM TABBERT · MARTIN WOLFSON
and MUSA WILLIAMS
Air-Cond. BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.
Mon. thru Fri. Eves.: $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Eve.: $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Wed. Mats.: $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Sat. Mats.: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.

"GAY and INVENTIVE." —Gibbs, The New Yorker
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." —Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt · Neva Patterson · George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.80 to 1.20. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6 to 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.60 to 1.20. (Tax Incl.).
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th Street, Air Cond.

IT'S WORTH A TRIP to NEW YORK to see "THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL." —WALTER WINCHELL
LELAND HAYWARD and JOSHUA LOGAN present
WISH YOU WERE HERE
The Musical with the Swimming Pool
ARTHUR KOBER and JOSHUA LOGAN
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD ROME
Evgs. $7.20, 6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40. Wed. Mat. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mat.: $4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. (Tax Included.)
IMPERIAL THEA., 247 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36 EVGS. 8:30

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Domestic Life in the Forty-ninth State

UNTIL Congress admits Alaska or Hawaii or both the forty-ninth state will be that remarkable rectangle of which the total area is some 300 square inches. For its size it is the most densely populated region of the United States, and a new Mrs. Trollope, coming to study the domestic manners of the natives, would find more to see and—I am afraid—more to censure than the sharp-eyed sensible matron who offended Americans a hundred years ago by treating us as raw colonials lacking in imperial grace. I cannot aspire to her frosty detachment; a certain number of families in the forty-ninth state often seem to me to belong to a race unknown in the other forty-eight, but I love them and my report is consequently tinged with prejudice.

As I have recently written about the farces which a scientist would identify as belonging to the "general order Loveluciana" and also about the special quality of the Burns and Allen show, I omit them as well as the collateral branch of *genre* pictures of family life, Mama and the Goldbergs. I am concentrating instead on the husband-wife relation in "Ethel and Albert," the strange recurrent marital episodes on the Gleason show, and the life of Ozzie and Harriet, the last of these being complicated by the presence of the Nelson children.

The first thing you notice about these sketches is that they are incidents; they are told as they might be told when neighbors visit (in the Midwest sense of the word) on the front porch or over the back fence: "The funniest thing happened yesterday . . . ," or "You know those Harlows I told you about, the ones we met at Yellowstone Park, well we told them to look us up if they ever passed this way, and last night what do you know . . ." Or over the party-line: "I can't talk to you now, Millie . . . John's having fits about his pants . . . I sent them to the cleaners . . . I'll call you back . . ." Even the simple plots of Mama and the Goldbergs are tight compared to the loosely woven texture of these episodes. The characters are superficial; they are not, however, stereotypes; they have the individuality without depth of the people in "Babbitt" or in the comic strips of everyday life; and in two respects they are entirely remarkable—the way people talk and the way husband and wife react to each other. In both they seem to me to be far above the level of the serious hour-long drama of television.

"Ethel and Albert" is so supremely good in its delivery of the talk of man and wife that you may underestimate their other qualities until you make the natural connection: the way they talk rises out of and reflects the natural rubbing-along-together, exasperated, and indulgent relationship between the characters. In the use of speech on the air there are three distinct levels: talk, conversation, and dialogue, ranging from artlessness to good art to artifice. In the years before pushbutton selection of stations I was tuning in to a newscast early one evening and caught a rare sound—of people talking as I had heard them talk in the subway or over the butcher's counter, talking when they didn't know they were being overheard or didn't care. It had nothing on earth to do with the dese-dem-dose school of "realism" which, in one form or another, still pops up (especially for characters from Brooklyn); It was the spoken tongue, not the written one. That was my first meeting with Ethel and Albert, who had appeared, as I recall it, earlier on the Kate Smith show, which can be both a nursery and a graveyard of talent.

I AM NOT going to be able to carry over the quality of this talk in print because so much of it depends on the usually flat tones and the individual cadence Ethel and Albert use, particularly Ethel, who is the writer of the script. A few weeks ago an obnoxious school chum came to visit at their fishing hang-out and, to Albert's discomfiture, caught a lot of fish while Albert got none. "The fish fall for his line," says Ethel; Albert grunts. "That's a joke," says Ethel, tapping him with a flapjack turner she is using, making it clear she knows it's a weak little joke, and as he still doesn't respond she adds, with only the faintest note of reproach, "I laugh at your jokes." When Mollie Goldberg says to her daughter, who wants to sell the household goods, "This furniture is the history of your mother's life," the emotional charge is greater; but Ethel has evoked a lifetime of marriage more simply.

The Nelsons are apparently living their lives in weekly instalments on the air, their own children now taking the place of actors, and doing nicely. They are attractive people who live pleasantly and give the impression that they would rather be dead than caught living "graciously." It seems to me much more a written program than Ethel and Albert, but written so that it still sounds natural when the Nelsons speak the words. Their small plots have a tendency to get off into unreality, but never into the slapstick of the "Lucy" type, and no matter what happens Harriet always seems a totally genuine person. I caught them in a fishing episode also—these things are seasonal—and although we had the old joke about buying a fish after a bad day at the lake and having the fish turn out to be an ocean-going specimen—the interrelations of all the family kept the whole thing sweet. Looking at the one Ozzie did catch, one of the boys encourages him, saying, "It really is a big fish, considering how small it is," which sounds just right and is, all the same, calculated writing more than spontaneous speech. The children are at this moment the more conscious actors; Ozzie and Harriet drift along easily; and like Ethel and Albert they convey a special "matrimonial" feeling which does more for the institu-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 531

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 531 will be found in the next issue.

UDQRYFM RU XGJZOCYJFOK,

OJZ RF RU OJ YUUYJFROK

QDJZRFRDJ XDT UYKX—

QDJUQRDGUJYUU OJZ

IYTUDJOKRFM.

TGXGU C. BDJYU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 530

Real literature can be killed only when it is very young.

—JOHN BARRYMORE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of marriage than all the open propaganda for it in "One Man's Family." These people, man and wife, are pleased with one another, interested, often surprised, and come out of their irritations because long custom has given them understanding—and this relationship between married people is not standard in the popular arts where it usually runs to a kind of nagging between strangers that ends in an artificially contrived reconciliation.

I should note that the revolutionary effect of "The Thin Man" [1934] has not yet reached television. In that movie Woody Van Dyke and Frances and Albert Hackett presented a couple, played by William Powell and Myrna Loy, who kidded one another, loved one another, and at the end of the picture were preparing to go to bed together in the expectation of mutual delight. Sex is reserved for the drama of unmarried love in the forty-ninth state.

THE Gleason case is a baffling one. With Gleason appears the superb Audrey Meadows, companion of Bob and Ray in "The Life and Loves of Linda Lovely," supremely talented in deadpan playing of impossible parts, not exactly right for the consort of Gleason, who is always telling you he is acting. A typical sketch in their "Honeymooner" series had Gleason preparing for his speech to the International Order of the Friendly Sons of the Raccoon—appearing in the regalia of the order but without trousers, rehearsing his speech ("the raccoons worked like beavers") to his wife and to the delivery boy who returns the missing trousers, and being singularly angry and ill-tempered throughout. One gets the distinct feeling that no marriage had ever existed between this particular man and wife. Then the payoff comes and the element in Gleason which makes any absolute statement about him absurd, because he discovers that someone else is to make the principal address, and all the projecting and hamming and plain bad acting falls away and he is a simple disappointed man, plain-spoken and not over the edge of right pathos. His wife says, "Never mind, you'll always be head Raccoon in this house," and in that single moment the characters come together in marriage.

The commonplace materials and the flat language of these sketches are in themselves positive virtues; they are counterweights to the heavy but shallow drama of the more pretentious hours and they keep alive in television the precious sense of the reality of people, the accent of simple truth. —GILBERT SELDES.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Parsifal" and "Lohengrin" in Bayreuth

BAYREUTH.

RICHARD WAGNER belongs to the world, but "Parsifal" belongs still to Bayreuth, whatever the long-forgotten legalities associated with its performance elsewhere. Actualities, however, are what count, and they make the experience of hearing and seeing this work in the theatre for which it was written vastly different from what it is elsewhere. Merely allotting the period from 4 to 10 P.M. to frame three hours and forty-five minutes of music is an aid to the kind of concentration Wagner expected, and his work merits.

Even more powerful in their hypnotic effects on the visitor to Bayreuth are the compelling beauty of the sound that vibrates through the acoustically marvelous theatre and the new concept of staging evolved by Wieland Wagner since the festival was revived in 1951. A painter, and a skilful one, before becoming absorbed in musical problems, the oldest son of Siegfried Wagner blends lighting, subdued colors, and projected scenery with a minimum of set pieces to the end of a spaciousness of effect virtually impossible elsewhere.

Wieland Wagner well knows that the barely perceptible is the most stimulating to the imagination, and that the half light of dusk is more poetic than the full sun of noon. When his Knights of the Grail move across the stage from darkness through a diffused light and back into darkness, where they have come from and where they are going is much more "visible" to the mind than literally represented scenery would be to the eye. To be sure, one needs the full fifty meters depth of the Bayreuth stage, the frame of its proscenium, and the vast height of its cyclorama to make such illusions effective. But that is his canvas, and he has utilized it with a master's perception.

Perhaps, as some contend, a good deal of his thinking stems from Appia, but taste in color and good judgment in the use of an occasional sharp beam of light cannot be cribbed. If there was a fault to be found with his conception, it would be concerned with the rather barren realization of the first scene of Act III. No foliage, no suggestion of the renewal of life associated with spring and the "Good Friday" music. But Wieland Wagner might well say, "What could be brought to the eye that is not already audible in the music?" and one would have to agree that this reasoning (which is only an assumption on my part) is beyond contradiction.

This year the musical realization has been entrusted to Clemens Krauss of Vienna. His "Parsifal" has a high content of beautiful sound, and—so the local opinion goes—a much more favorable balance for the singers than the previous one of Knappertsbusch. Yet there were moments—especially at the climaxes—when one would have relished a sharper thrust, a heavier accent. Along about the third act, one realized that what one was hearing from the German players in the invisible pit was, almost literally, the Vienna Philharmonic. This is a very fine orchestral sound, but not quite what one wants throughout "Parsifal."

Of the singing personnel, Ludwig Weber was easily outstanding as a Gurnemanz to rank with such great ones New York has heard as Ludwig Hofmann and Alexander Kipnis. The indestructible Weber not only sings the role with tireless vocal resource, but conveys the goodness of this sometimes irksome character in an altogether personal way. Also excellent was George London's powerful Amfortas, and the brilliantly acted, variably voiced Kundry of Martha Mödl.

NEW TO Bayreuth (and as yet not seen elsewhere) was the Parsifal of Ramon Vinay, who continues to astonish one with the intensity of an ambition that has now encompassed Siegmund, Tristan, and Otello as well as the more conventional tenor roles. A bulky but not unbelievable young Parsifal, Vinay matches the curve of the role with a powerful artistic impulse, and a sufficiency of voice for everything but the great outcry of the garden scene. Allowing for the fortifying effect of the theatre's acoustics, Vinay sounded in better vocal condition than he was in New York last winter, delivering the crucial music of Act III with a lieder singer's sense of nuance. The excellent male chorus, the fine-sounding flower maidens, the full value of the off-stage musical effects—these are all virtues one quickly comes to take for granted at Bayreuth, though they would be sensational elsewhere.

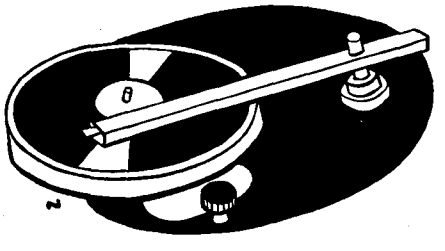
In the previous day-and-evening's "Lohengrin" (of which I arrived in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time to hear the third act) one was struck particularly by the wonderful integration of orchestral and vocal sound effected by Joseph Keilberth. A veteran of a previous Bayreuth season, Keilberth had the advantage of knowing the house better than Krauss and, so to speak, played upon it for its full acoustical value. Eleanor Steber's clear-sounding, beautifully controlled Elsa (her first role at Bayreuth) was closely attuned to Keilberth's orchestral concept, and Wolfgang Windgassen's erratic Lohengrin had some moments of real beauty to show what he might do were his vocal technique more than makeshift. Astrid Varnay's Ortrud is now established as a Bayreuth favorite, by virtue of a dramatic force lacking in Steber's Elsa.

THIS "Lohengrin" was the first production effort of Wolfgang Wagner, younger brother of Wieland, and in the representative length of the third act seemed a purposeful, coherent, and thoroughly unified creation. Gone are the flamboyant banners and ragged beards favored by the "nobles" of tradition. The tone of their dress has more than a suspicion of the G.I. khaki to be seen at every turn in Bayreuth, but they also have a military bearing and a sense of physical prowess in keeping with their role in the drama. And, for all of its metaphysics, this is a dramatic "Lohengrin" that Wolfgang Wagner has conceived, with Lohengrin and Elsa singing their love duet to each other, not to the audience.

Some other traditional aspects of Bayreuth one could well do without—the flying pennants, too often reminiscent of other days and more ominous designs, the gaping townsfolk who line the approaches to the theatre in critical contemplation of oddity as well as opulence, the interminable promenading between acts that has been going on for seventy-five years, and will doubtless go on for seventy-five more. But once the last warning bell has sounded and darkness has settled on the audience—which is as inconspicuous in the theatre as it is ostentatious outside—one is transported to a world of fantasy, of serious purpose and high artistic standards that stand, almost as much as the theatre and the works themselves, as a monument to the incredible genius of the man who brought them into being. —IRVING KOLODIN.



Rude Brief Recitatives

For Walt Whitman's 134th Birthday

By Christopher Morley

IN 1955

During Ike's Presidentiad
It would be fine if somewhere in Washington
(Maybe at the Library of Congress)
A small tablet were imposed:
Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries.

BHANG!

Oriental mystics are always harsh
To the mystics of the West.
When I cajoled the Old Mandarin
To the multiplex musings of "Leaves of Grass"
He grumbled only:
This is corned-beef hashish.

TOWARD THE END

Walt was probably the only great writer
Who never owned a bookcase
Or even a filing cabinet.
He filed everything on the floor
And edited with the tip of his cane.
When Traubel rescued priceless letters
He found them "much trodden."
Old screwball Walt! But he did save
Little orbic tangles of string
Which sometimes got into Mrs. Davis's soup
And were eaten for noodles.

CUPPING AND LEECHING

When he trimmed his hair and beard
With his own blunt scissors
It caused more sensation in Washington
Than the battle at Gettysburg.
The only artisans
With whom Walt never got folksy
Were barbers.

THE OTHER ONE WAS BOOTH

Walt, whom I have studied
More patiently than most,
Spent the last twenty years in South Jersey,
Between the Pine Barrens
and the Brain Barrens.
Like every Victorian actor
He saw America as a pantomime
And viewed it through a scrim.

HIS HOLIDAY

His naïveté was so vast, so hugeous,
It was a gigantism, an elephantiasis.
He glorified the Open Road
But kept well off of it.
He loved ferries and buses
Where he could chant unheard.
The day he chose was the busman's holiday
When he could crack the whip
And someone else stabled the horses.
Every married man knows
Walt always skipped the homework.

OTHERS HE SHAVES

Briefly and bitterly, then,
Walt was never housebroken.
Santayana, the other most selfish solipsist,
Even at his Blue Nuns, shaved every day.
No wonder he called Walt
A barbarian.

MY ESCAPE

I used to be sorry
That several years I worked near Horace Traubel
I never called on him—
But how it cheers me
When I learn from those who did
What an appalling bore he was—
And so perhaps was Walt?

BETWEEN TIMES

Not even the critics,
Not even Walt,
Have had as much fun and firework
Out of his stuff as I.
Cautiously I only read him from time to time
But between those times
I find myself thinking about him.

SAY IT AGAIN

When Willie Yeats said (1936)
In his essay for
"The Oxford Book of Modern Verse"
That a poem should rise
Out of its own rhythm,
He was only saying what our instinctive old Walt
Said again and again to his ignorant discipules
While the guttersnipes of Camden
Yelled one-old-cat on the cobbles of Mickle Street
And the guano factory near-by
Was more potent. in those days,
Than Campbell's savory Tomato.

PAY-OFF

If Walt reaches another end-of-May
I might have more to say,
Maybe veal-cutlets, maybe pudding-batter;
But in what don't really matter
Walt (and I) are both like Dante—
Pococurante.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Cosmic View of the Private Eye

(Continued from page 8)

trusted by either party. Hence he cannot ally himself to any recognized class, authority, or institution within the social framework; for guilt and innocence are not immediately, if ever, identifiable, and he must be guided by the grimmest skepticism.

He is moving in a bewildering world of disintegrated values where evil cannot be isolated and destroyed as it could be in the fairy-tale world of the transcendent sleuth. Here in the tangled web of crime and corruption, playboy and police chief, businessman and thug, killer and political boss are joined in one general confraternity. No one is above suspicion. "We do not live," writes Chandler describing this gargoylish age, "in a fragrant world—gangsters can rule cities, perhaps even nations; a screen star can be the fingerman of a mob; the mayor of your town may have condoned murder as an instrument of money-making. . ."

HENCE, for the private eye crime and guilt are coextensive with society itself, and in his person he expresses a fierce exasperation with and loathing for it. In this connection his frequent and bitter clashes with the official police force, with which the transcendent sleuth had always enjoyed friendly relations, take on a particular significance; for its faults are now no longer those of mere ineffectuality but also those of the very vice and corruption that characterize the "enemy" itself. If the transcendent sleuth, then, has acted upon the assumption that society justifies itself, the private detective acts upon the assumption that society is decadent and evil. And as he stands for the alienated of our time, his is the virtual declaration that the ends of the individual and the ends of society are no longer one.

Thus we remember him with pity and affection as a figure of intense and sometimes terrible loneliness, as the member of a soiled and disillusioned knighthood whose ordeal it is to assert himself on behalf of right—without allies, without community, without even the luxury of knowing he is right. He is, in fact, and most of all in Dashiell Hammett's operative, the portrait of a primitive and animal dignity in the face of the particular viciousness and suffering of our age. For he ventures into the perverted and amoral universe of the twentieth century, into a place where gunmen will not sleep at night without covering the floor around their beds with crumpled newspaper, into a place where men can say, "I wanted it and I found it. I want it and I'm going to have it." And he triumphs in this world not because he is infallible, not because he is omniscient, but because he has pride, integrity, and courage. He is, in the final analysis, the apotheosis of the everyman of good will who, uncertain of his own values and certainly alienated by the values of his time, seeks desperately and mournfully to live without shame, to live without compromise to his integrity. He is everyman's romantic conception of himself: the glorification of toughness, irreverence, and a sense of decency too confused and almost half-ashamed to show itself.

For it is the character of this man that in the world this side of fiction he is generally ineffectual. He is subject to strange fears and anxieties, is seldom free of bitter memories of the cowardices and humiliations in the office, at home, and in the streets; and he is prone to make compromises and concessions by day that destroy his pride by night. In his identification, however, with the proud and immensely durable figure of the private detective he has his compensation: he is now the common man become suddenly, magically aggressive, become purified by righteous and legitimate anger—and become, at last, devastatingly effective. He is lonely, but he is proud; he is fallible, but he endures; he has suffered, but he has not surrendered his ideals; and if the cost to himself has been great, he has triumphed. Perhaps in the end he has gained nothing, changed nothing. There is always at the end of the hardboiled novel a moment of depression when the mission is completed, the enterprise ended, as if this little victory had cost too much in terms of human suffering. But there is always, too, the notion that human dignity and human integrity have somehow been vindicated, and that this has been worthwhile.

The first to appear in their field, Dashiell Hammett's Continental Op and his successor, Sam Spade, have not yet been surpassed—not even by Chandler's Philip Marlowe—in the hardboiled tradition of detective fiction. Hammett's hero is, first of all, most intensely the denizen of the dark borderland between good and evil. His disillusion and despair are more complete, his values more ambivalent, his loneliness and isolation more incurable than those of the young knights who will follow him. Certainly, he has none of the spiritual and intellectual fastidiousness of the pompous sleuth from whom he represents a departure, against whose world he stands as a reproach.

SMALL, hard-bitten, kind, and middle-aged, moved by some vague inner compulsion, he determines as the Continental Op in "Red Harvest" to rid a small Far-Western town of the organized criminal forces that have attached themselves to it. Entirely dependent upon his own resources, resources of integrity, intelligence, and courage, he seeks by sowing dissension among them to wreak their extermination. He is appalled, however, when he comes to take a grim and secret pleasure in this necessary carnage. "I've got a hard skin," he admits disconsolately, "all over what's left of my soul, and after twenty years of messing around with crime I can look at any sort of murder without seeing anything in it but my bread and butter, the day's work. But this getting a rear out of planning deaths is not natural to me. It's what this place has done to me." His dilemma is thus a familiar one. With the breakdown of legally constituted law and order, he, the lonely man of conscience, has assumed in his own small compact person the role of public judge and executioner. And having assumed this dangerous power and the terrible kind of freedom that accompanies it, he has also assumed all the loneliness and doubt of the individual who in a period of distress has only the authority of his own being to refer to.

Max Thursday, the hero of the Wade Miller stories, operates under a similar constraint. In "Guilty Bystander" he has been responsible for the death of six men and, though blameless from the point of view of law, suffers at the close under the fear that he has become spiritually brutalized. The sequel, "Fatal Step," describes among other things his desperate attempt to convince himself that he has escaped the infection—as it turns out, an abortive attempt, for he is forced, despite his willing otherwise, to kill, and the book closes down on his depression. "He held his face in his hands,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but between his fingers he could see the asphalt garishly painted by the howling fire. It was the color of blood."

In both the Continental Op and Max Thursday, then, the hunter himself is not sure, the hunter himself has been affected by the coldly vicious world of the hunted. He thus carries in him the conscience of individuals not wholly convinced of the righteousness of their society, and the conscience of all men who, if they are not on the side of the devil, are not altogether sure, in the circumstances of a moral and social confusion, they are on the side of the angels.

This is even more true of Hammett's Sam Spade, of the nature of whose allegiance we can never be absolutely sure. He reacts to the murder of his partner, for example, with a contented grin. "I think we've got a future," he tells his secretary. "I always had an idea that if Miles would go off and die somewhere we'd stand a better chance of thriving. Will you take care of sending flowers for me?" But we are never permitted to think too badly of him. For his fallen partner has proved to be none too savory a character, and the loyalty and admiration of his secretary, who is as artless and wholesome as any girl has a right to be, is never forfeited. Even the implications of Joel Cairo's words are not altogether to be trusted. This greedy and malicious homosexual had said at their first meeting, "I made somewhat extensive inquiries about you before taking any action and was assured that you were far too reasonable to allow other considerations to interfere with profitable business relations." But Spade will later say, "Don't be too sure I'm as crooked as I'm supposed to be. That kind of reputation might be good business—bringing in high-priced jobs and making it easier to deal with the enemy."

EVEN in context, however, we cannot be certain he means what he says. The best, and the least, that can be said is that we sympathize with him. For, appearances notwithstanding, we sense that he has acted upon some obscure impulse towards justice and decency which he could not name even if he would. He prefers, for example, to surrender to the police the murderess whom he happens to love rather than accept the love of a woman who happens to be a murderess. And, more significantly, when he gives his reasons—and he gives them, it must be said, only under duress of the moment—he names in a spirit of bitter mockery no less than eight. This more than anything else reveals his central character, marks him a child of the twentieth century, for it is clear that when a man has so many reasons to advance he is not really sure of any of them. He is not sure what his motives are.

The Continental Op-Sam Spade saga has no continuation. After the publication of "The Maltese Falcon" Hammett abdicated the literary scene, perhaps because he had exhausted the possibilities of his subject matter. Certainly the symbolism of his private eye has not since received more thorough exploitation, more vivid statement: alone he has invaded the predatory world of compulsive greed and dispassionate murder and has won what alone remains of victory—the personal victory. What exactly he has gained, even in this sense, is not immediately apparent. Certainly it is neither the certitude of victory nor the rapture of victory. Returned to his desk in the final scene of his career in fiction, he is in fact a bleak, lonely, and unhappy figure, without home, without love, without community, conscious perhaps that his victory is far from final and that it may have cost him far too much.

Dashiell Hammett is, I think, with so many of his literary contemporaries, protesting the horrors of a savagely competitive society, the horrors of an urban-industrial civilization. For when we scrape away the tough exterior of his hero we find not heart of stone and nerves of steel but the tortured sensibility of the Nineteen Twenties, its romantic isolation and its pessimism, its inability to find grounds for action. With Chandler's Philip Marlowe, however, we pass into another world, the world of the Depression. He retains, of course, many of the attitudes of his predecessor, his toughness, his irony, his loneliness. But he has none of Spade's conviction of persisting failure, his sense of futility and defeat, none of his perhaps tragic implications. There is about him little of the spirit of a man who wins and does not win, who wins and cannot win. For he represents the moral and social ardor of the Depression years, the impulse towards reform; and he is frequently prone to feelings of boyish optimism.

In the first place, tough and brave though he may be, Marlowe is a much more respectable figure than Spade. He went to college and "can still," he asserts belligerently, "speak English if there's any demand for it." And if he is "a little bit of a cynic," as his client notes, he is no more so than is proper in one who aspires to knight errantry. For he does betray all the characteristics of the first-class crusader.

This is apparent in the deadly seriousness with which he takes his

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

STRIKE UP THE BAND!

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, submits ten famous poetic quotations, each having a blank space to be filled in from the list of musical instruments on the right. Allowing five points for each correct choice and another five for identifying either the poet or the poem, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better makes you the leader of this highly irregular organization. Answers on page 40.

1. A damsel with a ———— ( ) Banjo
   In a vision once I saw.
2. When the ———— is broken, ( ) Bugle
   Sweet notes are remembered not.
3. Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you ( ) Drum
   the ———— trills
4. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard ( ) Dulcimer
   Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft ————, play on.
5. Not a ———— was heard, not a funeral note, ( ) Flute
   As his corse to the rampart we hurried.
6. We watched the ghostly dancers spin ( ) Harp
   To sound of horn and ————
7. Love took up the ———— of Life, and smote ( ) Lute
   on all the chords with might.
8. The silent ———— loudest chants ( ) Organ
   The master's requiem.
9. When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
   was droppin' slow,
   She'd git 'er little ———— an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!" ( ) Pipes
10. And the blackbird plays with a boxwood ———— ( ) Violin
    But I love him best of all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cra... ...e ...rs. ...me we met, he says angrily, "I told you I was a detective. Get it through your lovely head. I work at it, lady, I don't play at it." Clearly the words of a man who knows what he means and what exactly he must do in the world, the words of a man who can, that is, afford social consciousness. We get another glimpse of this aspect of the private detective when we discover Marlowe in a jail cell pondering ruefully the two worlds, the nice, sane, comfortable world he has rejected and the ugly world to which he has committed himself. "I knew a girl," he meditates, "who lived on Twenty-fifth Street. It was a nice street. She was a nice girl. She liked Bay City. She wouldn't think about the Mexican and Negro slums stretched out on the dismal flats south of the old interurban tracks. Nor of the waterfront dives . . . the sweaty little dance-halls . . . the marihuana joints, the narrow fox faces watching over the tops of newspapers. . . ."

BUT Marlowe is not only the social crusader; he is also the moralist, almost the prude. Sam Spade could never have said, on discovering a nymphomaniac disposed in his bed, what Marlowe said. "It's so hard," he said, "for women—even nice women—to realize that their bodies are not irresistible." For Spade, in his grim odyssey through the underworld, was always too ambivalent a character to express an opinion one way or the other. He acted, but he acted inscrutably, almost without point of view. Marlowe, however, finds it difficult to conceal his contempt for the diseased world in which he must move.

Nevertheless he is, like the boy next door, a rather pleasant character and articulates the longing, universal in our day, for an honorable if not a pleasant world. Chandler describes him thus:

> He is a poor man or he would not be a detective. He is a common man or he would not go among common people; he has a sense of character or he would not know his job. He will take no man's money dishonestly and no man's insolence without a due and dispassionate revenge; he is a lonely man and his pride is that you will treat him as a proud man or be very sorry you ever saw him.

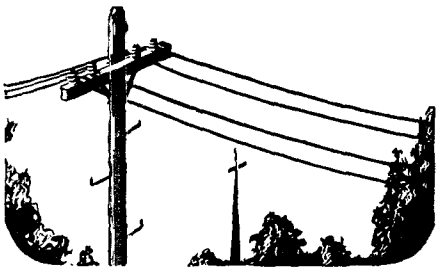
After this, he must indeed have seemed a wonderfully attractive symbol to the men who lost their pride in the bread lines and employment offices of that decade.

Unfortunately, the private detectives who succeed Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe represent a progressive deterioration of the type. We have noted the essentially romantic temperament of Hammett's Sam Spade. But where in him it has been implicit, in the lesser creations it is crudely explicit. The result is rather revolting sentimentality: the hardboiled novel turns soft at the center. There are signs even in Philip Marlowe of this contagion. "Knights have no meaning in this game," he muses, bitterly in love with himself. "It wasn't a game for knights."

But if we admit that Marlowe is not always quite as fatuous as he appears here, we cannot, I fear, extend the same charity to his colleagues in fiction; for in the more recent of the hardboiled writers, among them Geoffrey Homes and George Harmon Coxe, the private dick virtually wears his heart on his sleeve. The pressure of the war may have had something to do with it, for not only does he indulge himself in feelings of romantic self-pity but, more intolerable, comes to terms with the community and accepts unblushingly the just rewards of virtue and tractability. He may appear in the beginning as the haggard outcast, grown a little weary and emaciated in the service of obscure ideals, but the reader is usually ravished to discover that he has, in the end, found his way back to the warmth of the community—generally in the arms of the sweet and wholesome American girl. Witness, for example, the voluptuous anguish of rugged Humphrey Campbell in the toils of a love-emotion: "A breathlessness, an inside singing that he was much too old for; too old and too tough and too beat up around the edges." As it turns out, however, this was not really so. And the modest passion of the strong man is rapturously consummated in the final pages of Homes's "Six Silver Handles." This pattern is repeated in Coxe's "Woman at Bay." The hero, who has achieved romantic 4-F status in the Spanish Civil War and is now a member of the OSS, not only recovers a vital manuscript establishing the disloyalty of a big chemical concern, but is reunited in the arms of his ex-wife who has been wrongly, it seems, suspected of Vichyite connections.

The private eye as we find him today represents, then, a betrayal of everything Sam Spade and, to a lesser extent, Philip Marlowe, stood for. He is the rehabilitated private dick, the private dick gone soft. He may, it is true, point the way to a period of greater stability and confidence, a period in which the intractability of a Sam Spade, who is *par excellence* the creature of crisis, could have no justification. But I doubt it.

I am an inveterate Sam Spade man myself.



Good News

▶ Some social workers in Sidney, Australia, have organized the Bush Book Club to alleviate the loneliness and monotony in Australia's vast outlying regions. It is today Australia's biggest circulating library. Those who wish to join send in their names and addresses, and the club ships off the first parcel of six books and a small selection of magazines. Recipients are asked to pass them on, and some have gone through as many as twenty-two hands.

▶ The Alabama State Board of Education has refused to be stampeded into a ridiculous action. It has rejected the proposed banning of any textbook whose author, illustrator, or editor happens in the past ten years to have been a member of any one of the organizations on the Attorney General's "subversive" list. Individual textbooks in Alabama will continue to be judged on their individual merit.

▶ In the Amish country of Northeastern Ohio this spring Ben Sullenberger lost his barn by fire. For a farmer it was a grievous loss. The Amish carry no insurance, for that would indicate doubt of God's care of His own. A few weeks after the fire the neighbors could be seen coming from miles around. New lumber was piled high beside the ruins. By noon the frame was up, ridgepole in place, and a small army of neighbors had begun to nail on the outer cover. By evening the new barn was done. Counting wives and children 750 persons had had a part, providing labor, lumber, food, and all. When one of Ben's neighbors was asked if it had not cost a lot to help, he said, "Justa little here, a little there; it won't be missed."

▶ Three Roman Catholic bishops of the Archdiocese of New York donned aprons recently and served dinner to residents of three homes for the aged operated by the Little Sisters of the Poor. They were the Most Rev. Joseph P. Donahue, vicar general and auxiliary bishop of New York, the Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, auxiliary bishop of New York, and the Most Rev. William R. Arnold, auxiliary bishop of the Military Ordinariate.

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Designs for Living

(*Continued from page* 17)

of a facade. On the other hand, the publishers in this instance have been very generous, providing fifty-seven half-tones and over a hundred line cuts often so selected as to open to the reader new vistas which the author has no time to explore.

Blue-Grass Bins

***"Architecture in Old Kentucky," by Rexford Newcomb** (University of Illinois Press. 185 pp. $12.50) celebrates the romantic houses of a state that has developed a style of its own. Mr. Creese, who reviews it here, is associate professor at the University of Louisville and a member of the Louisville Planning Commission.*

By Walter Creese

KENTUCKIANS returning from abroad have often been heard to remark that the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home" had prepared a welcome for them everywhere. As one reads through Rexford Newcomb's "Architecture in Old Kentucky" he comes to wonder if, after all, the spirit of an inherently romantic state is not always best carried on by a house or a song.

The origins of Kentucky architecture appear manifold. Federal Hill, popularly called "My Old Kentucky Home," has elements of Pennsylvania and Virginia in it. Other dwellings exhibit influences from Maryland and North Carolina as well. In spite of the mixed lineage, however, the houses, like the horses of Kentucky, are a separate breed. In both cases much of the cause for this can be inferred to be drawn from the soil. The author takes pains to show us how the rosy bricks, the beautiful native woods—ash, oak, walnut, and cherry—and the sometimes handsome, sometimes ugly limestones give a definite sense of belonging to the houses and their furnishings.

But it is a question to this reviewer whether the identification does not depend more fundamentally on time than materials, at least in the final forms which the buildings took. In the winter of 1776 George Rogers Clark was at Williamsburg petitioning the Virginians to establish a Kentucky County and to give him powder with which to bring the savages under control. By the spring of 1836 a Kentucky Historical Society had been founded with the main object of preserving the record of early settlements. History happened that fast in Kentucky and by selecting a great number of his examples within this time span the author seems to show his tacit recognition of the fact.

What a forthright, dignified, and adventurous period it must have been, too, if we are to judge by the plethora of relics which remain, scattered across the state on the still rural and gently rolling landscape. In the east, near the mountains, stands the Col. William Whitley house of about 1793, the first brick dwelling. It had a race path and Sportsman's Hill was its name. The track was once to be the destination of a road out from the county courthouse, a connection which would probably seem as eminently logical to a horse-loving Kentuckian today as it apparently did then. Whitley had eagles with olive branches carved on his stairs, thirteen S's over his fireplace, and his initials, W. W., laid in glazed bricks above the front door. After holding command in many Indian fights, he marched off to the War of 1812 as a volunteer private at the age of sixty-four. In the Battle of the Thames he was slain, some think at the very moment he shot the great chief Tecumseh.

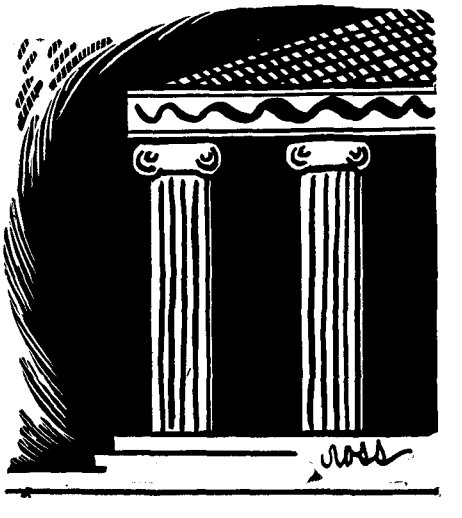
In the middle of the commonwealth, the Blue Grass region around Lexington, the Athens of the West, are many old estates and the buildings of Transylvania. Thomas Jefferson warned that Virginians would have to send their sons to this school unless the legislature got on with his own university project. The only other alternative would be Harvard, a bitter pill since they would be sure to come back "fanatics and tories." Kentucky he preferred because although it might try to keep the graduates to swell its population, it had "more of the flavor of the old cask," and he backed up this endorsement by pouring, through friends, some of his latest and most interesting ideas into the state.

At Louisville, to the north and west on the Ohio River, was the first municipal university in the United States (deriving from Jefferson Seminary of 1816) and the only truly Jeffersonian house west of the Alleghenies. To the daughter of a friend of the family, going to Louisville to be married shortly before 1810, he gave a plan with double octagon rooms within a square. The consequent dwelling, Farmington, is where Abraham Lincoln came to visit his friend Joshua Speed during the summer of 1841 when he was suffering from melancholy over his broken engagement to Mary Todd. He appears to have returned to Springfield in a much happier mood and in the light of this one can hardly resist the temptation of speculating as to the effect the simple but dynamic house had upon his sensibilities. One hopes, at least, that there was some beneficial exchange between these two great Presidents here.

Notes

BALTIMORE'S ARCHITECTURE: Like all cities, Baltimore has had its friends and its enemies. Perhaps its bitterest critic was Betsey Patterson. The daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants, she was terribly disappointed when her home town failed to realize just what she had accomplished by marrying Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor. "I have," she announced, "no confidence in the banks, insurance companies . . . in short of any stock in Baltimore. The people of business there all live beyond their means."

Baltimore's businessmen may or may not have lived beyond their means, but the natives have always had a taste for comfort bordering on a love of luxury. All this is happily reflected in the catalog of **"Architecture in Baltimore,"** the exhibit recently on view at the Peale Museum. Though this generously illustrated book (edited by Richard H. Rowland and Eleanor P. Spencer and published by The Johns Hopkins Press at $7.50) surveys all the buildings erected from 1764, when Charles Carroll moved into his new home Mount Clare, down to 1891, when F. L. Olmsted helped lay out the curving streets of the suburb of Roland Park, one gathers that the most brilliant period of Baltimore's architecture was in Betsey Bonaparte's time, the opening years of the nineteenth century. That was the era in which Maximilien Godefroy, Benjamin Henry Latrobe, and Robert Mills were planning the churches and the other mon-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uments for which the city is justly famous.

But Mr. Howland and Miss Spencer, who helped organize the show, wisely insist that it is high time we gave up the notion of separating the "old" or historically worthy buildings from the "old-fashioned." Their book, besides being a delightful reminder of Baltimore's architectural treasures, is a real challenge to lovers of architecture in our other cities. There ought to be a lot more exhibits like this, though it may not be the easiest thing in the world to discover historians who combine the scholarship and the taste of our guides in this instance.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

ENGLISH HOUSES THROUGH THE AGES: "Many of the old churches seem like old acquaintances," reported the American architect Ithiel Town on visiting London 125 years ago, and travelers and historians ever since have been obliged to confess that no influence on American architecture has been deeper or more lasting than that of England. Readers of Reginald Turnor's **"The Smaller English House"** (John de Graff, New York, $10) will be frequently reminded of this debt of ours to Great Britain; in fact, this generously illustrated book is sure to be treasured by anyone who hopes to understand why so many of our architects in time past looked to England for the last word.

Mr. Turnor, who has only two hundred pages in which to cover his subject, can't be expected, of course, to spend much time laboring this point. Writing for an English audience, he simplifies the story he's telling by suggesting that building was a craft until Tudor times, an art from then until the heyday of Victorianism, a matter of misapplied scholarship in the Victorian age, and—thanks to certain modernists—a science in our own era. The wonder is that the author is at ease in all periods. Ever amusing, often penetrating, he quotes tellingly from everyone from Robert Adam to John Claudius Loudon, the romanticist who had the misfortune to remark, "How easy it is to be pleased!" "How easy, indeed!" Mr. Turnor adds.

As you may have surmised from the author's summary, he is not exactly impressed by the philosophy of certain modern architects. One of his most amazing quotations is from the Viennese modernist Adolf Loos, who argued against all decoration on the ground that "eighty out of every hundred men in our prisons have their skins painted." This, Mr. Turnor feels, is a strange argument, a little unfair to soldiers and sailors who like to get tattooed. —W. A.

Writing

(*Continued from page 20*)

various biographies and longer critical studies, they leave the impression that they are quite unprepared to deal seriously with a book expressing an unfavorable judgment of their hero. Thus, they triumph over the bones of Dr. Joseph Collins: "Readers who wish to pursue these jeremiads further will have difficulty in finding copies of "The Doctor Looks at Literature," though a few still hold together, rebound, in large-city libraries, and a few perhaps inhale dust at second-hand dealers. For, if 'Lawrence has triumphed,' Dr. Collins has not." Does the unhappy doctor merit extended consideration in a history of Lawrence criticism? And what excuse can there be for holding him up to such savage and tasteless ridicule? The editors' introduction would have been greatly improved had its scope been narrowed considerably and the trivia excluded.

NOT EVEN the contributors to this very anthology escape without a scolding. T. S. Eliot (on the authority of Dr. F. R. Leavis) is "seriously at fault in not recognizing the true importance of Lawrence"; Professor William York Tindall "wrote from an attitude of dry wit that hardly permitted an appreciation of Lawrence's essential qualities." Mrs. Diana Trilling's "Viking Portable D. H. Lawrence" is damned as "a notably poor volume in a series of general excellence; she chose the wrong material . . . and as an editor of Lawrence she chose the wrong attitude toward him . . ." And the comments on more conventional literary historians are equally violent.

After all this one expects a remarkable anthology. And it is true that the general level of the essays on particular works is high. Professor Mark Schorer on "Women in Love," Professor Tindall on "The Plumed Serpent," Edmund Wilson on "Lady Chatterley's Lover," Anthony West on the short stories, and Horace Gregory and Richard Ellman on the poetry are extremely interesting and illuminating, though almost all of them express distinct reservations about the quality of Lawrence's achievement. Among the more general studies Sigrid Undset's and Aldous Huxley's essays are notably thoughtful and sound.

But what is one to say of the inclusion of James Thurber's brilliant "My Memories of D. H. Lawrence"? It is a delightful pastiche of the silliest Lawrence biographies, but it is sadly out of place here. Even more curious is the coupling of T. S. Eliot's admirable two-page foreword to Father William Tiverton's "The Death of the Gods" with Dr. Leavis's vituperative attack on Eliot, "Mr. Eliot and Lawrence." Dr. Leavis may be right in thinking Eliot ignorant of Lawrence's true tradition; nevertheless, his condemnation not only of Eliot's criticism but of "The Cocktail Party" and Eliot's style, among many other things, takes one out of the world of serious criticism into the jungle where the most advanced critics (all of whom write for *Scrutiny*) eat one another. One of the most ambiguous aspects of the achievement of D. H. Lawrence is the fact that it has inspired Dr. Leavis to new and greater efforts.

Notes

TWO MORE FOR THE ELIOT SHELF: The weight and influence of T. S. Eliot are today indisputable. The recent publication of his "Complete Poems and Plays" has made the corpus of his work available in a convenient single volume; and two new books about his work point up his importance and interest. Donald Gallup's **"T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4) lists in clear sensible format his fifty-seven books and pamphlets, eighty-six contributions to books, 568 contributions (many of them book reviews) to periodicals, and 262 foreign translations of his various works. As a manual for the book collector the bibliography has obvious merit; its uses, however, go beyond this. In a note to the first edition of "The Waste Land" Mr. Gallup prints an excerpt from Ezra Pound's letter stating that the publication of the notes to the poem was purely fortuitous—the publisher wanted a longer volume! For the critic of Eliot such a bit of information can prevent ingenious and arid conjecture. Another kind of fact can be seen in Eliot's listed contribution in 1937 to a magazine which queried various writers on their sympathies in the Spanish War. Eliot's brief answer appeared under the heading of "Neutral?" Still another significance appears in the long list of translations — in languages that include Chinese,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hebrew, and Persian. Whatever explanation one may offer for this, the propagation of Eliot's astringent gospel is a documented fact.

Of the writers who influenced his poetry the least likely American would seem to be Whitman; and yet S. Musgrove (of Auckland University, New Zealand) has demonstrated the influence in his **"T. S. Eliot and Walt Whitman"** (Cambridge University Press, $2). As a literary monograph it is exceptionally sound, literate, and persuasive. Its argument, in brief, shows that of the two layers in Eliot's poetry the one setting forth his religious and philosophical thought rejects the ideas espoused by America's democratic rhapsodist. But the other layer — of physical images and emotional evocations — shows an overwhelming number of parallels and similarities in Whitman. The poetry of Tennyson, too, plays an important part as an involuntary influence on Eliot, not through conscious imitation but rather through literary memory. This kind of investigation, at least in Mr. Musgrove's book, is illuminating.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

SIX TROUBLED VICTORIANS: In nineteenth-century England, when so many revolutionary changes took place, writers were impelled to preach, to teach, or at least to watch. Ivory towers were not built (or imported) until later. Writers like Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin, Thomson, Rossetti, and Wilde, though they had other commitments in their writings, committed themselves to the social and economic problems of their times. Gaylord C. LeRoy in his closely reasoned book **"Perplexed Prophets"** (University of Pennsylvania Press, $4.75) has analyzed these six writers by a novel method. All of them suffered from neuroses of different kinds, and their times also suffered from social, economic, and religious dislocations. His method is to discuss the writings of these men as being affected by the pressure of their times (from without) and by the push of themselves (from within). In its bare outline this doctrine may seem only a modification of Taine's famous (and outmoded) one. But Mr. LeRoy uses it with subtlety and flexibility, and avoids unfounded generalizations.

He thinks we can learn a lesson today from these perplexed prophets of the last century, for our century has inherited many of its problems. But most prophets hide their perplexities (as well as their neuroses) while they live. And only a discerning hindsight, like the kind we find in this book, can untangle the patterns of their lives, writings, and times.

—R.H.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of lack of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming issues.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES: 1953. Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound. $4. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 50¢. Miss Foley's annual collection of what she considers the best short fiction published last year in this country. There are twenty-five stories, by such stalwarts as Tennessee Williams, Robert Coates, Christine Weston, and Mark Van Doren.

BETWEEN THE TIDES. By Philip Street. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. A non-technical survey of the small organisms—plant and animal—which exist along the coasts of this country

THE BOLD SABOTEURS. By Chandler Brossard. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A first-person novel, by the author of last year's "Who Walk in Darkness," about a thief who lives in the city, has a murderous father, a brother who is a religious fanatic, a friend, also a thief, who lives inside a bridge, and a constant stream of hallucinations, which afford him conversations with a wise gray rat.

THE BOLD WOMEN. By Helen Beal Woodward. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. A series of sketches of the ardent women who, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, were outstanding champions of their sex in this country.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF SHOLEM ASCH. By Chaim Lieberman. New York: Philosophical Library. $3. A refutation of the religious thinking of the Jewish novelist, written by a columnist for the *Jewish Daily Forward*.

THE CUT OF THE AX. By Delmar Jackson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. Bad goings-on in a normally peaceful small town propel this novel about a rape and murder, false confessions, a stalwart sheriff, and the townspeople who work themselves into a nice boil.

DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET. By Aubrey Menen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. A string of personal reminiscences about the author's Irish mother and Indian father, an English upbringing, and the collapse as he has observed it of the Colonial system.

DRIVE SLOWLY—SIX DOGS. By Ilse Bischoff. New York: Viking Press. $3.75. The tribulations and trials of a lady who never liked dogs until she suddenly found herself with two dachshunds, four poodles, six collars, and six leashes. Photographs.

THE END OF LOVING. By B. J. Chute. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A novel which tells the story of two young women, one of whom gets herself involved with a married man, and the other with a tempestuous mother and an illegitimate child. Both quandaries, which take place in a rooming house, are properly resolved.

EXISTENTIALISM AND THE MODERN WORLD. By F. H. Heinemann. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A critical analysis of the existentialist movement from its origins to the present, by a professor at Oxford University.

FATHER, DEAR FATHER. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Viking Press. $3.50. More of Mr. Bemelman's lightsome travels, cum drawings—this time with his madcap thirteen-year-old daughter and Little Bit, a small poodle.

THE FIELDS OF HOME. By Ralph Moody. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. The further adventures of the author as a boy, continuing the material brought out in two earlier books. Here, his family moves East from Colorado, and he goes to work on his grandfather's farm, to heave rocks and tangle with the old man, who is a terror.

THE FEMALE FORM IN PAINTING. By Jean Cassou and Geoffrey Grigson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.95. A long essay, with representational plates, which traces the vicissitudes that the figure divine has undergone at the hands of artists from the Renaissance to today.

THE GOLD MOUNTAIN. By Paul Charlotte. New York: Random House. $3. The fictional adventures of a skinny but iron-made schoolteacher who goes to a small community near Seattle in 1884 to escape the poverty of her Kansas home.

THE MAKING OF A SCIENTIST. By Anne Roe. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. $3.75. An attempt, by a clinical psychologist, to explain the workings of the modern scientific mind. The author has used as examples the lives of sixty-four American research scientists, whom she has spent the last three years in consulting.

THE MAKING OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By R. W. Southern. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $4. An historical study of the men and influences which shaped the life of Europe from 970 to 1215.

MARTHA CRANE. By Charles Gorham. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Martha Crane, in this novel, is a youngish girl who escapes from her father in St. Louis, comes to New York, where she bears an illegitimate child, and ends up as a high-class chippy and murderess.

MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN. By Pepe Romero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. The recollections of a newspaper columnist, which start in New York, go through many early jobs, and end up with heavy coverage of his life in Mexico, with interviews mixed in of such resident and visiting greats as William Saroyan, William O'Dwyer, and Henry McLemore.

MORE CLINICAL SONNETS. By Merrill Moore. New York: Twayne Publishers. $3. A new collection of sonnets by the author of "Clinical Sonnets."

ONE YEAR OF LIFE: Some Autobiographical Pages. By Cecil Roberts. New York: Macmillan Co. $4.50. An autobiography covering one year in the life of the British novelist. Most of the time was spent in traveling through Europe, and the book ends with the author's arrival in New York City.

PARIS IS FOR LOVERS. By Evelyn Herbert. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. A teacup-weight romance about an already-spoken-for English girl who goes to Paris and loses her heart.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA. Edited By Irwin Edman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50. Professor Edman has brought together here a wide sampling of the philosophical writings of Santayana.

THE REDEEMERS. By Leo W. Schwarz. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.50. An account of the rehabilitation of the German Jews, which started immediately after the close of the war under the auspices of the American Military Government, and which continues with the help of Israel, and of the stout-hearted 10,000 Jews who have chosen to remain in Germany.

THE SCEPTER OF EGYPT. By William C. Hayes. New York: Harper & Bros. $12.50. Volume One of a projected two-volume history of Egypt, which is based on the Egyptian Collection owned by the Metropolitian Museum of Art in New York. The author is Curator of Egyptian Art at the museum.

SEA STRUCK. By Bennett Stanley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. A tough tale about a tough skipper and his seventy-foot schooner running guns into Spain.

SHERIDAN THE INEVITABLE. By Richard O'Connor. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $4.50. A full-scale biography of Philip Sheridan, who, although he graduated low in his class from West Point, was short, weighed only about 125 lbs., and was an inept politician, was nevertheless one of the best Civil War generals.

THE SILENT WOMEN. By Margaret Page Hood. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75. A fictional foray into Mrs. Jewett's country, involving a gloomy island off the coast of Maine, an illegitimate child, a murder, and the whisperings of pines.

THE SPIRIT OF PHILOSOPHY. By Marcus Long. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $4. An introduction to the general methods of philosophic thinking.

WILDERNESS PASSAGE. By Blake Forrester. New York: Random House. $3.50. The further adventures of Johnny Christmas (begun in "Johnny Christmas" 1948) and Tom Gitt, a couple of nut-hard trail blazers, who tangle here with the Mormons, the U. S. Infantry, and a cuss named Frietag. Circa 1857.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Past

(Continued from page 15)

process of bills, amendments, and appropriations.

Possibly there are few stories in Western civilization more fascinating than that of spanning this continent with roads. The mere process of locating roads and securing public support for their construction is dreadfully dull, but that of bringing virgin country into the orbit of settlement is exciting. This book lies between the two natures of the subject, with the detailed aspects of it getting much the better of it in places. Of late, books relating to the official exploitation of the West have run heavily to footnotes. Possibly authors feels that they have to document, to the last period, the fact that Federal blunderings and failures as well as accomplishments were made in the callow West.

—THOMAS D. CLARK.

PICTURES OF THE REAL COWBOY: Erwin E. Smith was a cowboy who in thousands of photographs caught, directly and honestly, the spirit of the Texas ranges. In 1908 he thought of bringing out a book of his prints that would show the cowboy as he really was—not an overdressed, "rootin', tootin', shootin'" swaggerer, but a working man skilfully doing a hard, dirty, dangerous job. When Smith died in 1947 he had still not prepared his book; indeed, he had not even catalogued his voluminous print collection.

Fortunately, however, J. Evetts Haley had persuaded him to prepare one hundred of his best pictures for display at the Texas Centennial. Eighty of these have been superbly reproduced in **"Life on the Texas Range"** (University of Texas Press, $10), with a perceptive introduction and commentary by Mr. Haley.

Smith's photographs, taken mainly on big West Texas ranches early in the century, are magnificent compositions, realistically blending cattle, horses, men, and barren terrain. Most of them show cowboys at work—dragmen eating the dust of a trail herd, ropers heeling calves and pulling them to the branding fire, riders taming broncs, cooks rolling sour dough at their chuck wagons. A few picture cowboy diversions—a game of mumblety-peg, crap-shooting with a tenderfoot, a clog dance at night on the range, and "settling the dust" at a bar in Old Tacosa. Like Andy Adams's "Log of a Cowboy," there isn't a woman in the book.

Along with Andy Adams, Philip Ashton Rollins, Ross Santee, and the artist Charles M. Russell, Erwin Smith belongs in the great tradition of interpreters of the real cowboy.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

BUFFALO BILL'S FRIEND: "Another Redskin bit the dust!" might serve as subtitle for Harold F. Williamson's **"Winchester: The Gun That Won the West"** (Combat Forces Press, Washington, $10). In this fascinating mixture of horse opera and business history, Professor Williamson has provided gory evidence of the Winchester rifle's ability to dispose of Indians, Confederate soldiers, and buffaloes. While Hopalong Cassidy preferred a competitive product, Buffalo Bill, Theodore Roosevelt, and the Northwest Mounted Police were enthusiastic Winchester users and collectors.

Aided by hundreds of illustrations including a portfolio of Winchester models, Williamson has effectively traced the development of American firearms from smooth-bore muzzle loaders to the M1 Carbine of World War II. But this is not all. He has given the student of business history an analytical account of the life of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, which made not only guns and ammunition but flashlights, roller

"A Crime Club Selection and one of the best"

—Raleigh, N. C., News & Observer

THE WENCH IS DEAD

by RUTH FENISONG

author of *Deadlock*

A worldly-wise beauty finds the path of true love strewn with corpses — old and new. This sophisticated novel of high life on Long Island has Detective Gridley Nelson and his wife, Kyrie, untangling dark riddles of the past to paint a rosy future for a troubled couple.

$2.50 at all booksellers • DOUBLEDAY

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to SATURDAY REVIEW for the term indicated below:

☐ One year . . . . . $ 7.00
☐ Two years 12.00
☐ Three years 16.00

Please note: The above rates apply to the United States and its Possessions, Latin American countries and Spain. Canada: One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $19. Other Foreign: One year $9, Two years $16, Three years $22.

Payment is enclosed ☐ Please send me a bill* ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

** Payment is required with the order on subscriptions outside the continental limits of the United States.*

SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skates, and baseball bats—and met disaster in doing so.

After World War I Louis K. Liggett was elected to the Winchester board of directors. Liggett's success with Rexall drug stores led him to think that almost any product could be sold like proprietary medicine. His conviction resulted in Winchester's entry into the manufacture and sale of hardware and sporting goods, along with firearms distributed through its own stores and through franchised outlets. By the time Liggett had been proved wrong Winchester was bankrupt. However, outside capital rescued it in time. —JOHN S. EWING.

LEGENDARY LONE-STAR STATERS: Since Davy Crockett fell at the Alamo the legend of the Typical Texan—big, brave, boastful, and chivalrous—has become rooted in the American mind; and Hollywood and TV, with all their distortions, only perpetuate it. Compounded of fact and fiction, the legend was created mainly by non-Texan publishers, dramatists, travelers, and tall-tale tellers. The biography of the myth to 1860 is told in an attractive, breezy book, **"The Typical Texan"** (Southern Methodist University Press, Dallas, $5), by Texan Joseph Leach.

Close kin to the "half-horse, half-alligator" Kentuckian, the Typical Texan as a Ranger and later as a cowpuncher took on attributes different from those of his buckskinned forebears of Eastern forests. Mounted on horseback and armed with a revolver, he acquired greater fighting prowess than the Kentuckian and supplanted him as the most colorful and most representative Western character. Mr. Leach dissects the transformation by a close study of frontier humor, travel books, almanacs, plays, romantic novelettes, and other fiction. Chapter by chapter the analysis of the varied material that combined to form the legend is expertly done, but I feel that the author stops too soon to show why the myth has endured.

Mr. Leach's interesting book makes obvious the need for another: a biography of the Typical Kentuckian. —J. M. E.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1012)

MORRISON:

THE STONES OF THE HOUSE

You couldn't get away from it: Men and women were separate species in certain ways. A vocabulary hadn't been found to express the distinction. Vocabulary was a male art . . . though a woman could always find a way to say what she meant.

SUMMER SOLACE

DURING the summer, when days are very hot or stormy, my children stay indoors or look for the refreshing relaxation of quiet activities. Now is the time for picture story books, for hobbies, and for dreams of cool and faraway places. —CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

THE ANIMALS' CONFERENCE. By Erich Kästner. Based on an idea by Jella Lepman. Illustrated by Walter Trier. Translated by Zita de Schauensee. New York: David McKay Co., Inc. No paging. $2.75.

The animals were tired of all the conferences held by men for settling the world ailments. All meetings ended by press announcements such as: "Nothing accomplished. Another conference planned." Human beings were not getting anywhere.

Oscar the elephant decided that it was high time for the animals to take matters into their own paws and make the world safe for children. So the animals held *their* conference and, after several (and hilarious) attempts, they finally succeeded in compelling all men to abolish frontiers, disband armed forces, and destroy munitions. And from that time on there was no longer "this side and that side."

What a dream! And how did the animals do it? You will have to read this heartwarming story by the well-known German poet Erich Kästner, who years ago enchanted us with "Emil and the Detectives." The outstanding artist Walter Trier has contributed priceless drawings. It is all funny, witty, and gaily packed with much-needed wisdom. Practically all the animals are there, including the picture-book ones such as Mickey Mouse, Babar, Ferdinand, etc. And children are there, too, of all races.

Mr. Kästner and Mr. Trier have managed to put across a high-power sermon without preaching once.

Children are not the only ones who are going to have a beautiful time with this book, which makes sense. Personally we are all for the animals taking over! Meanwhile let us hope representatives of peoples the world over read this book and learn something from its memorable contribution to the peace of our planet.

THE DUCK. Photographs by Ylla. Story by Margaret Wise Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers. No paging. $2.50.

A large picture book with arresting photographs. Margaret Wise Brown's simple and charming captions make for a continuous story. A five-year-old will want to hear over and over again about the Duck, and look at him endlessly. Perhaps some grown-up, too, will find peaceful relaxation and inspiration in this poetical creation. The excellent physical appearance of the volume contributes toward making it a distinguished work.

THE LITTLE OLD TRUCK. Story and pictures by Jay Hyde Barnum. William Morrow. 48 pp. $2.

The folklore tradition always catered to the small, the weak, and the poor. Now, in this machine age, it is delightful to see how engines and cars can fit into this old and universal tradition. Lately we have had several Cinderellas and Hop-o-my Thumb engines, automobiles, buses, and streetcars. So this Little Old Truck is no exception when it comes to the rescue of the mastodon truck and does the job the huge van was scheduled to accomplish.

The author-illustrator is at his best when he writes. He uses simple language and familiar automobile terms, so that a seven-year-old can read the book. But if it were read to him I should not be surprised if older brother would listen in, even if he has to pretend to be absorbed meanwhile in something else. Here is a story which rediscovers the warmth of personal relationship between man and the things of his making. Here are consideration and attachment for the tool tried and lived with.

ANIMALS OF SMALL POND. By Phoebe Erickson. Chicago: Children's Press. 46 pp. $2.

The pond seems very small to have such a variety of life, but Phoebe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Erickson assures us that all these "people," these raccoons, beavers, muskrats, and minks, do live in one pond not far from New Milford, Connecticut. Their busy lives through four seasons, with the changing weather and seasonal foods and the coming of babies, will open young eyes to the wonderful world of living fellow creatures. Long summer days by pondside and brookside are a form of travel, broadening, deepening, exciting, and not at all expensive. Miss Erickson's own pictures in black-and-white and color are beautifully reproduced. —Ernestine Evans.

WHO LIVES THERE? By Carroll Colby. New York: Aladdin Books. 48 pp. $1.

WHO WENT THERE? By Carroll Colby. New York: Aladdin Books. 48 pp. $1.

These two small, delightful books printed in brown and black will evoke for many an oldster summers and winters long ago, in the days before detectives abounded in books and movies and before toy-making had become such a grandiose industry as to take attention from nature and put it on mechanical things.

"Who Lives There?" is a little book about nests, dens, burrows, all sorts of home places for insects, birds, and animal creatures. Merely holding it in the hand is like a voyage of discovery of first principles of housing problems for man as well as bird and beast. Even city children can hope to find a wasp's nest or a tent caterpillar; no beavers, of course, or the skyscrapers built by Australian ants.

As for "Who Went There?" with its pictures of front paws, hind paws, hooves, the tracks of gray squirrels, English sparrows, crows, and elephants, it's a little book, but a key to the whole world of experience in using one's eyes to read the wordless picture of those with whom you share the woods and fields. You won't need an Indian in the Canadian woods to tell you whether a moose was galloping or trotting when he took off at the sound of a man with a gun. Any child sent off to summer camp should go provided with these two friendly little books. Included in the first book are notes about the collection of birds' nests. —E. E.

MR. PUTTERBEE'S JUNGLE. By Ruth Helm. Pictures by Madeleine Gekiere. New York: Oxford University Press. 48 pp. $2.25.

For seventeen years Mr. Putterbee cut the grass in his backyard only so far. The neglected end grew as a jungle . . . and a tiger came to live in it, until the Clean-up man of the City appeared and presented Mr. Putterbee with an ultimatum from the City Fathers.

This nonsense story does not quite come off. It is neither totally absurd nor utterly plausible. Perhaps some tightening in the writing would have helped. The delicate line drawings are decorative.

TELL ME, LITTLE BOY. By Doris Van Liew Foster. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shephard Co. 28 pp. $2.

"Tell me, little boy, what kind of animal would you be?" asked the rabbit. And the little boy answered: "I would be a horse."

Hum. Is that the way a rabbit and a little boy talk, when they do? The author had a charming idea. We wish it had been worked out more carefully, and that Roger Duvoisin's drawings did not make us wonder if this talented artist did not here take his reputation for granted.

WISE AND OTHERWISE: The Do's and Dont's of Sundry Proverbs. Selected and pictured by Anne Marie Jauss. New York: David McKay Co. No paging. $2.50.

In bold and amusing black-and-white drawings, backed with dark red and yellow, Anne Marie Jauss presents some of the familiar proverbs. Many of them are of English origin, some are from foreign countries—like the Chinese "He who hurries cannot walk with a stately step."

Her line of camels walking "with a stately step" followed by one obviously young camel hurrying awkwardly in the rear is particularly effective. There are imagination and humor in these drawings. We feel that the details of them will appeal enormously to little children, who will be quick to see that in the picture of "The Cat in Gloves catches no Mice" a tiny, enterprising mouse is getting a firm hold on the languid cat's tail!

—Mary Gould Davis.

SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPER! By Dr. Seuss. New York: Random House. No pp. $2.50.

Long ago this reviewer enjoyed immensely "And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street," and liked "The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins." Now the less said the better about this year's addition. In fact if we mention it at all it is because we keep hoping that some day Dr. Seuss will again create a distinguished fantasy.

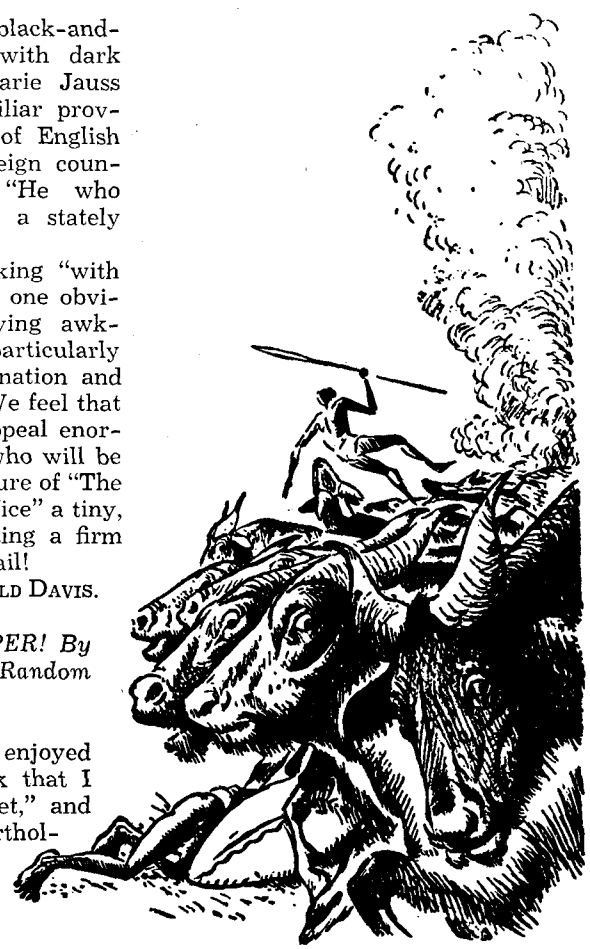
WU, THE GATEKEEPER'S SON. Written and illustrated by Frances Lattimore. New York: William Morrow & Co. 128 pp. $2.

A story, for little children, of a little boy in China as it was before the war with Japan. Wu is an appealing little boy, and the drawings are charming. —M. G. D.

BOB CLIFTON, AFRICAN PLANTER. By Dock Hogue. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 152 pp. $2.50.

When a mysterious ivory figure, part human, part animal—the dreaded *nu-sutu*—arrives unexpectedly at Bob Clifton's address trouble begins for the seventeen-year-old son of an African planter. During his father's illness Bob had been directing the family's small coffee plantation in the Belgian Congo with the help of a native foreman. How he solves the mystery of *nu-sutu* and fights for his plantation's rights against a powerful rival makes a convincing story in a realistic setting.

Its quality is as good as the previous



—By Kurt Wiese from "Bob Clifton."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bob Clifton books written by an author who lived many years in Africa and finished this story shortly before his untimely death. Pictures by Kurt Wiese of superb elephants, buffalos, and other African creatures combine with the text in making this a truly African adventure.

—Blanche Weber Shaffer.

A KINGDOM TO WIN. By Rosemary Sprague. Pictures by Eleanor Curtis. New York: Oxford University Press. 192 pp. $3.

Viking stories are very popular in America. This one is set in a little-known period when the pre-Russian empire of Gardarik, stretching from the Dnieper to the Black Sea, was ruled by Scandinavians. Olav Trygison, the rightful heir to the throne of Norway, sold as a slave by his father's murderers and usurpers of Norway's throne, is rescued by Sigurd, his uncle, and taken to the empire of Gardarik. How he fights for the conquest of his kingdom makes exciting reading. —B. W. S.

THE FIRST BOOK OF SPACE TRAVEL. By Jeanne Bendick. Illustrated by the author. New York: Franklin Watts, Inc. 69 pp. $1.75.

The Air Force has announced completion before the end of this year of a space ship which, admittedly, will be stationary. Therefore, one should not be surprised to come across a book aimed at preparing the next generation for space ships which will not be stationary. After stating very simply what and where space is, the author proceeds to outline the means of transportation required for a journey into space. The presentation of the numerous difficulties which will be encountered, due to the laws of physics, is very logical and clear. Jeanne Bendick explains the necessity of a space platform acting as a satellite of the earth. We are introduced to the peculiar ways of life on a space platform, conditioned by problems of lack of gravity and lack of air. Many points of interest, such as Venus and other planets belonging to our solar system, which may be reached from the platform, are described. Well-illustrated, based upon physical laws as we know them today, we find this picture-book-size volume extremely interesting for anyone, whether adult or children. It was an Honor Book in the 1953 Spring Festival of the *New York Herald Tribune.*

—Vladimir Specktor.

CREATIVE HOBBIES. By Harry Zarchy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 299 pp. $3.50.

Hobbies are fun, and many are, at the same time, creative. All respect due stamp collectors, one would not say that theirs is a very creative hobby, unless they make their own stamps. The author wants the reader to become proficient in one or the other of the following creative hobbies: stagecraft, woodcarving, lamp-making, whittling, papercraft, silk-screen printing, bookbinding, plastics, or shellcraft. Each one of these occupations has been covered substantially, and for those who care to major in a hobby a bibliography has been added. For each hobby the author gives the fundamentals and a few examples.

We found whittling one of the most intriguing hobbies. It is inexpensive and puts no barriers to your fantasy; thus you may create a ship in a bottle. With the recent development of plastics it is especially helpful to find here explanations on how to handle them.

Anyone reading this book and applying its principles will be not only a "hobbyist" but will become in time a skilled worker. —V. S.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITH BASIC CAMERAS. By William P. Gottlieb. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 44 pp. $1.50.

Here is in a nutshell the way to take pictures without having to use expensive cameras. Advice is given on loading and operating cameras, stopping action, composing a picture, various photographic tricks, etc. Common mistakes are illustrated and so are the means to avoid them. Drawings and examples of pictures accompany the text. The omission of any reference to developing is intentional. In our opinion this is a pity, since it constitutes an important phase in the art of photography.

Nevertheless, in these few pages there is enough for a youngster to acquire good photo habits and to enjoy himself. —V. S.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Dulcimer. Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "Kubla Khan." 2. Lute. Percy Bysshe Shelley: "When the Lamp is Shattered." 3. Bugle. Walt Whitman: "O Captain! My Captain!" 4. Pipes. John Keats: "Ode on a Grecian Urn." 5. Drum. Charles Wolfe: "The Burial of Sir John Moore." 6. Violin. Oscar Wilde: "The Harlot's House." 7. Harp. Alfred Tennyson: "Locksley Hall." 8. Organ. Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Dirge." 9. Banjo. Rudyard Kipling: "Mandalay." 10. Flute. William Ernest Henley: "Echoes."

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 12)

of romantic complications among others that all end happily.

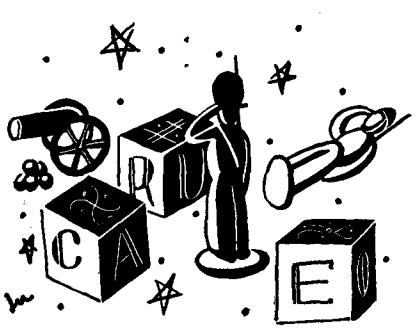
All innocent merriment, as you can see, and, I thought, all delightful. Mr. Walker has a wonderful way of letting the gas out of human gasbags, of pricking pomposities, of making the improbable probable, the implausible plausible. There is, in truth, something in "Digby" for every reader: comedy for all, romance for the ladies, some really wonderful fishing and hunting for the outdoorsmen, some superlative dishes by a culinary Rembrandt for the gourmets. County Crummockshire was never quite the same after Digby P. left. Just to see the taming of Fiona Kilburnie, the Highland wow, is worth the trip over.

Notes

SAGA OF A SOUTHERN CLAN: Though Edythe Latham's **"The Sounding Brass"** (Little, Brown, $4.50) is a "Southern" novel," it has several advantages over many others of that classification. It deals in neither sexual aberration nor degeneracy; on the other hand, no Spanish moss waves in a scent-laden air. Miss Latham gives us, in fact, a closely-packed, earnestly thought-out story of clearly recognizable human beings, covering a span of several generations, with only passing notation of local detail.

Her people are the Chadleys— Marcus, a Mr. Big who arrives at his town late in the last century to dominate, sometimes to cow, it; his two sons, who remain always more or less under Marcus's thumb; and a third generation, the granddaughter of Marcus, her connections and friends. The author's concern are the victims of assorted Chadley rule, Chadley wealth, Chadley restraint.

A first novel, "The Sounding Brass" is one of several clear merits. Miss Latham writes crisply, with a good sense of words, a sharp conception of her characters, a feeling for her theme. Individual scenes are done with



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vigor—the clash of a firm-minded little girl with an enigmatic grandfather, the silent duel of two women who compete for control.

The author can picture a place with conviction—a room, for instance, immaculate yet possessing "that musty feeling which is in the closed front parlors of farmhouses, where nothing takes place except the periodic formal resumés of living—weddings and funerals."

She achieves a memorable portrait in the Negro servant-preacher Isaiah, a dark man offered without sentimentality, a character who grows slowly to true stature. And her picture of August, her girl protagonist, develops considerable strength.

The novel suffers from a tendency toward dark melodrama: the mystery of the mother's suicide, kept from her boys; wills changed or unchanged, premonitions or near-premonitions. And occasionally, as Miss Latham leaps through time passages, the reader has a feeling that she is writing "about" her story, not telling it directly. Nevertheless, this remains a laudable first work, admirable in many details. Next time, perhaps, the writer will attempt a smaller canvas with greater all-around success.

—HARNETT T. KANE.

THE POSTMAN RINGS AGAIN: In his latest melodrama, **"Galatea"** (Knopf, $3), James M. Cain achieves the dubious distinction of writing dully enough to make the authors of *The Congressional Record* seem the very models of clarity and charm. Murky as an Aleutian fog, his story has to do with Val Valenty, a Maryland restaurant owner and shady politician; his wife, Holly, a "soft, blobby barrel" of a woman whose idea of an afternoon snack is a couple of ham sandwiches, an apple pie (all of it), and a gallon of yogurt; and bull-strong Duke Webster, an ex-prize-fighter and trainer now working as a kind of handyman on Valenty's farm.

Holly, obviously and willingly being killed by calories, is taken in hand by Webster (a devotee of Gayelord Hauser's) and in no time at all becomes the local Marilyn Monroe. Webster falls in love, Val takes to muttering, and even the ghost of John Wilkes Booth seems impressed, for he takes to loitering around the Valenty place. Something has to happen, and it does, though why and how remain, along with Einstein's latest equation, among the more charmless mysteries of the moment. It's all done with the usual hard-boiled hocus-pocus, however, and Cain fans who aren't too exacting will probably greet the master with the usual six-shooter salute.

—CHARLES LEE.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, undoubted elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 55¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FOR DOCTORS, dentists, ministers and almost anyone else. Bookplates for every age and taste, old fashioned or modern. For free samples and catalogue, address ANTIOCH BOOKPLATES, P. O. Box 628, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS. Pamphlet Distributing Co., 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical. Prompt. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPTS, RESUMES, THESES typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. Stencils a specialty. MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt, Park Ave. and 34 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 3-4000; evenings, GRamercy 5-1745.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC AND OTHER RESEARCH: NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTER, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. STerling 3-3456.

OVERNIGHT DUPLICATION SERVICE Inc., 57 West 45 St. (Hotel Schuyler) NYC 36. LUxemburg 2-0840. Letters, manuscripts, reports, sketches, legal documents, musical arrangements, galley proofs or similar material reproduced same day or overnight at latest by new photocopy method—from carbon copies as well as originals. Basic cost: 5¢ per 8½ x 11-inch page. Bindings to specifications. 24-hour a-day, 7-day-a-week service. Write or telephone for details.

ELEANOR KING, litetrary agent; books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

WRITERS! TV-MINDED? You do not have to be a television writer to write for TV. Outline, plot or synopsis will suffice. Write for terms—TODAY! MEAD AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

GHOSTWRITING, fiction, articles, theses, books, plays, etc. NORBERT MURRAY, 501 East 73 St., NYC. TRafalgar 9-3112.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—THOUSANDS from Dime Novels to Fortunes 1715 to date. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Massachusetts.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS—Complete stock hard-to-find books. Established 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota. WE BUY BOOKS.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N.Y.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Indiana.

COLOPHON, complete, fine, 44 items. Box P-798.

YOU'LL ENJOY our recent world-wide catalogue for collectors and libraries. Write: NEW ENGLAND BOOKS, Box 663, Taunton, Massachusetts.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 30¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH by refined Frenchman, Paris University graduate. Telephone CIrcle 7-2814 (NYC).

PERSONALS

FULL LENGTH, ALL MALE CAST PLAY WANTED: Lloyd Anderson, c/o Wingate Productions, 312 East 35 St., NYC.

REAL SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS for Den, Bar, Recreation Room decoration. Brilliant colors on heavy paper. Large 13¼ x 3½-foot display size, two different $2; four different $3. Giant 33¾ x 5½-foot size, lettering at top only, one $3; two different $5. Include 25¢ handling. No COD's please. LOS TOROS, Box 5964, Indianapolis 20, Indiana.

WANT TO LEAVE TOWN? Will sublet your NYC East side, midtown, village apartment, 9 months October 1. Responsible single woman. References exchanged Box P-777.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $4 to $8, doubles from $8 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17. ELdorado 5-7300.

PLAYING CARDS with sketch of Clubhouse, Inn or similar subject are excellent mediums for making profit. Ask TIFFT, 281 Tifft Road, Dover, New Hampshire.

SINGLE PHARMACIST (29), with wide variety of interests, desires to form a partnership. Will go anywhere and consider anything. Box P-891.

NEW ENGLAND PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL for girls needs teacher Spanish, Latin. Box P-892.

WRITER, family, seek four-bedroom house, furnished or not, close to NYC, preferably Riverdale. Telephone ACademy 2-7938 (NYC).

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

WANTED TO BUY: Paintings by PAUL KLEE. Oils, watercolors, drawings. Box P-765.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

DON'T BE A STAIDIST—Give a really different greeting this Christmas—a book! The keepsake can be your own work—a poem, short story or sketch, or it can be a classic which will make you remembered long after the holiday season. Beautiful books at reasonable cost; ideal for the business firm or individual. 30 years know-how. Dept. B, COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 West 42 St., NYC 36.

FRENCH IS FUN! Speak in 12 lessons. NYC, LOngacre 6-8220 or WOrth 2-1770.

YOUNG MAN, 23, college background, desires position as companion, travel or what have you. Box P-797.

LADY, refined, traveled, formerly professor's secretary, desires dignified, responsible home position anywhere. Box P-796.

FOR SALE: For 1/3 value, furniture for small, 2-bedroom apartment; in storage, NYC. Box P-800.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

CREATIVE TEACHER combining Drama-Music-Painting seeks position. Excellent references. Box P-786.

BE A MONEY MAKER . . . Use your home as magazine headquarters. Liberal commissions. No experience—no capital needed. Everything furnished. Write for FREE Catalogue. McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

GOOD USED BOOKS 50¢-$1. All fields; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N.Y.

WINTER NORTH ATLANTIC—The sea, its fury, its tranquility. 10 thrilling, authentic photographs, 8 x 10 inches, taken aboard disabled freighter. Suitable for framing. Descriptive literature included. $3 cash, check, money order. SEASCAPES-S, Box 982, G.P.O., NYC 1.

NEW YORK CITY IS LOTS MORE FUN when you stay at the VANDERBILT and enjoy the extra advantages of a truly fine hotel . . . central location, superb service and accommodations. HOTEL VANDERBILT offers 7 different, 3-day all-expense weekends from $10.43 per person; including twin-bed rooms with private bath, breakfast in bed or in the famed Palm Garden Restaurant, and your choice of night-clubbing or sightseeing. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave., at 34 St., NYC.

WIDOW SEEKS WORK—Experienced driver and gardener. New car. Congeniality important to salary. Box P-757.

WANTED: "Blanche Fury," "Orange Blossoms," "Abode of Love" by Joseph Shearing. Make offer: Mary Perkins, 314 Louisiana Bank, Baton Rogue, Louisiana.

THERE'S A SURPRISE waiting for Review Readers in Washington, D. C. They enjoy special rates and privileges at the 3 fine conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels—the Annapolis, Hay-Adams, and Hamilton. All-expense visit includes air-conditioned room, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcasts, etc.—from $10.95 up. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager of Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D. C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

THE EXCITEMENT OF NEW YORK combined with the charm of patrician Murray Hill at the DRYDEN HOTEL. Walking distance to the UN, Grand Central, Fifth Avenue shops, theatres, restaurants. Spacious 1½ and 2½-room suites, serving pantries, air conditioning; complete, efficient hotel services. REASONABLE RATES. TV and radio available. DRYDEN HOTEL, 150 East 39 St., NYC. ORegon 9-3900.

WANTED: One or two professional or non-professional girls to share Forest Hills apartment. Box P-894.

SHOPS FOR SALE

MASSACHUSETTS CITY, 50,000 population. Book store established 25 years. Under $10,000. Illness, quick sale. Box P-784.

DESERT BOOK SHOP, 443 North Palm Canyon, Palm Springs, California. Price $5,000; worth $7,500.

PROSPEROUS BOOK SHOP can be purchased in delightful and progressive Clearwater, Florida. Shows 25% return on investment. Would require around $25,000. Details, write: Hand, Box 90, Clearwater, Florida.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

WESTON, CONNECTICUT. Artistic contemporary home, almost 6 acres beautiful woodland—pond site. Secluded yet accessible. Box 493, Southport, Connecticut.

"GREAT LEDGES" at Rockport, Massachusetts. Granite stone house, built in 1929: 2 large living rooms, dark room, 4 bedrooms, 2 kitchenettes, 2 baths, hot water heat, oil, terrace, large studio, grand ocean view, 8 acres, privacy, former home of Antoinette Perrett and Galen Perrett, marine artist; Elsa Rehmann, landscape architect; price $45,000. Apply George E. Roewer, Executor, Estate of Antoinette Perrett, 20 Pemberton Square, Boston. Telephone Capitol 7-7010 or Rockport 764.

BERKSHIRE FOOTHILLS. Immaculate 7-room village house, 5 minutes walk railroad station, shops. Under $12,000. Owner transferred. Would rent reliable adults. Box 262, Millerton, N.Y. Nearby renting 4-room flat.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT. Ideal home for literary family—3 bedrooms, hot water heat, spacious grounds, fireplace, verandah, paneled dining room, within view of Long Island Sound. $15,000. Terms. Telephone UNiversity 5-5952 or write Box P-897.

240-ACRE FARM, beautiful scenery, large barn, 6-room house, etc. 80 miles Northwest of NYC. $19,000, part mortgage. Lobstein, Bloomingburg, N.Y.

For Rent

WANTED: Congenial couple to share our ocean-front home for 3 or 4 months. Must like dogs, books, recordings. For particulars write: Box 927, Laguna Beach, California.

ISOLATION WITHOUT HARDSHIP. Comfortable 6-room house, 3 box barn, 30 minutes from Pentagon. Lease. Box P-791.

BERMUDA. Oceanside house for rent, private swimming, transportation accessible, 5 rooms, sleeps four. $150 a month, weekly rental available. Box P-722.

PLEASANT HOUSE, garden, studio, $100 monthly, including servant, utilities. Alice Crouch, Taxco, Gro., Mexico.

VACATIONS

HOME OF THE ADIRONDACK Folk Song and Dance Festival—SCHROON CREST on Schroon Lake, Pottersville, N. Y. Informal Adult Resort. NYC telephone, COlumbus 5-0490.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont, Elevation 2,000 feet. Private swimming. Sports, Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious food. Folder.

BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. For a late summer vacation. Clay tennis courts, private beach, art lessons, live music, dance demonstrations—and for Labor Day, TOM GLAZER! Write for illustrated folder.

HAVASU CANYON, "Gem of the Grand Canyon"—Wilderness Trail Trips, hiking and riding. 3-6-8-day trips. September 18 through October. From $50. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, 1940 Hearst Ave., Berkeley, California.

500-VOLUME RECORD LIBRARY and perfect phonograph to reproduce your choice. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food, Wooded walks. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

MUSIC INN in LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Folk and Jazz Roundtables from August 16 to 30, Keith Lawrence all summer. Write for details . . .

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. For peace and quiet (especially August 16-September 13). Unique Rustic Lodge and Cabins. Lovely lake deep in Berkshire woods (altitude 1,700). Boating, swimming, tennis, etc. on grounds. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Playhouse. Informal, moderate. Folder S.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking and horseback riding. Golf and tennis, recordings, ping-pong, library, informal dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Attractive rates. For reservations or booklets: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N.Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

VERMONT VACATION on Lake Hortonia. Informal, not rustic, late breakfasts, buffet luncheons, gourmet food. Summer sports. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Summer Theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, BANTAM, CONNECTICUT.

AMATEUR PAINTING, ladies welcomed at our summer farmhouse between Camden and Belfast—until October 1. Swimming, sailing, antique hunting, summer theatre nearby. Mrs. George de Schweinitz, R.F.D. 2, Lincolnville, Maine.

FESTIVAL THEATRE free to guests of FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Massachusetts . . . reduced rates . . . tennis . . . records. Special Labor Day weekend. Telephone Lenox 367-W.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, NORTH RIVER, N.Y. Ideal for outdoor recreation, creative work or just loafing. 600 acres at 2,100-foot elevation, surrounded by Adirondack Forest Preserve. Sparkling, colorful Fall days—cool, crisp nights. Open through September. Charles H. Tibbits.

PIKE COUNTY LODGE HIGH IN THE POCONOS. A simple, gracious mountain lodge . . . quiet seclusion in natural woodland setting. 185 acres, 2 private lakes. Charming Old World Hospitality—fine attention to food and service. Recommended by leading Food and Travel Authority. Open until mid-October. Werner & Helen Jung, Owner-Managers, Tafton, Pennsylvania.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Kentish choirmaster in England, 7th cent., who first taught Roman method of chanting.	127 152 176 158
B. Divination by lamps.	107 81 193 182 159 40 19 95 146 141 / 70
C. Title first given to Nero's director of entertainments (with Word F).	108 73 60 145 39 164 174
D. Long Island village, a center of oyster industry.	75 21 28 57 150 93
E. City on Euboea where Aristotle died, important from 7th cent. B.C.	109 175 147 163 25 13 121 15 72
F. See Word C.	102 188 144 189 31 122 78 5 136 167
G. The most ancient sacred Hindu literature.	186 83 106 80 172
H. Borders, or parts adjacent to line of division.	43 166 33 185 47
I. An instrument for digging and grubbing.	114 69 27 132 153 16 120
J. What the devil felt goodness to be, when he "stood abashed" in "Paradise Lost."	49 79 26 177 65
K. The newest province of Canada.	45 157 179 111 88 134 41 110 22 91 / 84 137
L. Capital city of Word K.	10 125 68 133 34 97 161
M. Source of "Tales" for young people 100 years ago, of summer music in New England today.	100 86 37 76 151 155 165 105 129 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Recklessly determined on some course (comp.; slang).	101 67 190 184 156 142 149 181
O. Girl's name meaning generous	52 14 46 113 168 74
P. A speed counter, as for measuring rpm of an airplane.	85 139 51 115 104 169 187 90 194 96
Q. Successful contemporary Amer. woman novelist; given name Bertha ("The Island," 1921).	112 66 154 58 123 12
R. A part of a church organ, usually at a distance from the main console, used for special effects (2 wds.).	98 48 162 118 17 4 160 183 92
S. A compound link with one end turning on a headed bolt, etc.	178 103 116 138 59 87
T. Daughter of Priam, betrothed to Achilles, whose "romantic" name was assumed by the girl in "Les Précieuses Ridicules."	56 9 53 124 130 35 140 44
U. Across, esp. in an oblique direction.	131 8 126 94 119 135 62
V. Grubbed up by the roots; extirpated.	55 11 173 143 64 2 36
W. Familiar name for the hitchhiker who travels by boat.	71 3 38 82 191 1 148 23
X. The more fluid part of protoplasm.	29 192 42 77 54 30 170 18 63
Y. Identifying a "city" within the city of New York.	50 171 7 180 20
Z. Overspread, as with a fluid, tint, etc.	117 32 128 89 61 24 6

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

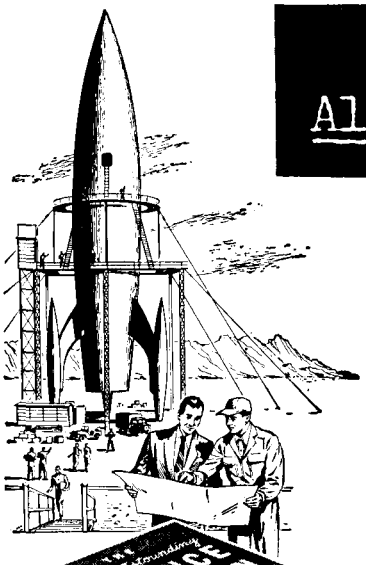
Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 W	2 V	■	3 W	4 R	5 F	6 Z	7 Y	■	8 U	9 T	■	10 L	11 V	12 Q	13 E	■		
14 O	15 E	16 I	17 R	18 X	19 B	20 Y	21 D	22 K	23 W	■	24 Z	25 E	26 J	27 I	■	28 D		
29 X	■	30 X	31 F	32 Z	33 H	34 L	35 T	36 V	■	37 M	38 W	39 C	■	40 B	41 K	42 X		
43 H	■	44 T	45 K	46 O	■	47 H	48 R	49 J	50 Y	51 P	52 O	53 T	54 X	■	55 V	56 T		
57 D	58 Q	59 S	■	60 C	61 Z	62 U	■	63 X	■	64 V	65 J	66 Q	67 N	■	68 L	69 I		
70 B	■	71 W	72 E	73 C	74 O	75 D	76 M	77 X	78 F	79 J	80 G	81 B	■	82 W	83 G	84 K		
85 P	■	86 M	87 S	88 K	89 Z	90 P	■	91 K	92 R	93 D	■	94 U	95 B	96 P	97 L	98 R		
99 M	■	100 M	101 N	102 F	■	103 S	104 P	105 M	106 G	107 B	108 C	109 E	110 K	■	111 K	112 Q		
113 O	114 I	■	115 P	116 S	117 Z	■	118 R	119 U	120 I	■	121 E	122 F	123 Q	124 T	■	125 L		
126 U	127 A	■	128 Z	129 M	130 T	■	131 U	132 I	■	133 L	134 K	135 U	■	136 F	137 K	138 S		
139 P	140 T	141 B	142 N	■	143 V	144 F	145 C	146 B	147 E	■	148 W	149 N	■	150 D	151 M	152 A		
■	153 I	154 Q	155 M	■	156 N	157 K	158 A	159 B	160 R	■	161 L	162 R	163 E	164 C	165 M	166 H		
167 F	168 O	■	169 P	170 X	171 Y	172 G	173 V	174 C	175 E	176 A	■	177 J	178 S	■	179 K	180 Y		
181 N	182 B	■	183 R	■	184 N	185 H	186 G	187 P	188 F	■	189 F	190 N	191 W	192 X	193 B	194 P		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 38 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is Man's First Space Ship Already Being Secretly Built?



SUPPOSE YOU were Mike Novik, engineer. You're HIRED by some amateur rocket "crackpots," who are constructing a "dummy" rocket. All they lack is a practical rocket fuel. YOUR job is to design and construct a ceramic exhaust throat-liner . . . *for an atomic fuel that doesn't exist!* Or DOES it? Then why such perfect blueprints? Why are millions being spent on the project—and by whom? Why is the project's chief engineer suddenly MURDERED?

Your suspicions can no longer be stifled. *This rocket ship is no* dummy—*and neither is the master brain behind it!*

You'll thrill to every page of this daring Science-Fiction novel, "TAKEOFF." It is just ONE of the exciting books offered to new members of the SCIENCE-FICTION BOOK CLUB. Read about the others below . . . then PICK ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1 on this great offer!

ANY 3

of these Complete New Masterpieces of SCIENCE-FICTION

Yours for Only $1.00 with membership

TAKEOFF, *by C. M. Kornbluth*—See description above.

THE ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION ANTHOLOGY—A story about the first A-bomb . . . written *before* it was invented! A story of the movie camera that shows "newsreels" of *any* past event. Plus more than a score of other best tales from a dozen years of Astounding Science-Fiction Magazine by its editor, John W. Campbell, Jr.

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, *by Ray Bradbury*—The brave Earth men triumphed over the atom . . . mastered the rocket . . . conquered space and reached Mars. But they were defenseless against the Martian weapon that made them slaves!

WORLD OUT OF MIND, *by J. T. M'Intosh*—Fifty thousand creatures from Outer Space infiltrate Earth's society to prepare the way for invasion.

THIS ISLAND EARTH, *by Raymond F. Jones*—You're an engineer working on a secret project. Your mysterious employers possess lighter, stronger metals and faster engines than any known on earth. When you try to fly away, your plane is suddenly swallowed up in mid-air by a GIANT FLYING SAUCER!

OMNIBUS OF SCIENCE FICTION—43 top stories of Startling Inventions . . . of visitors from Outer Space . . . Adventure in Dimension. 562 thrill-packed pages.

PLAYER PIANO, *by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.*—In the coming age, machines run everything. When one man rebels, his trial is conducted by—*a machine!*

THE CURRENTS OF SPACE, *by Isaac Asimov*—500 million people will DIE . . . unless warned. Only one man can save them . . . but he must first grow a new memory!

THE PUPPET MASTERS, *by Robert A. Heinlein*—A flying saucer lands in Iowa. From it ooze parasitic slugs that enter men's bodies and turn them into mindless puppets. And then the puppets conceal all traces of the invasion!

WHICH 3 Do You Want for Only $1.00?

SCIENCE-FICTION BOOK CLUB
Dept. SR-8, Garden City, New York

Please rush me the 3 books checked below, as my gift books and first selection. Bill me only $1 for all three (plus few cents shipping charges), and enroll me as a member of the Science-Fiction Book Club. Every month send me the Club's free bulletin, "Things to Come," so that I may decide whether or not I wish to receive the coming monthly selection described therein. For each book I accept, I will pay only $1 plus shipping. I do not have to take a book every month (only four during each year I am a member)—and I may resign at any time after accepting four selections.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I may return all books in 7 days, pay nothing and this membership will be cancelled!

- ☐ Astounding Anthology
- ☐ Currents of Space
- ☐ Martian Chronicles
- ☐ Omnibus
- ☐ Player Piano
- ☐ Puppet Masters
- ☐ Takeoff
- ☐ This Island Earth
- ☐ World Out of Mind

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

Selection price in Canada: $1.10 plus shipping. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. (Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.)

THE BOOK CLUB OF TOMORROW IS HERE TODAY!

IMAGINE—ANY THREE of these full-size, brand-new SCIENCE-FICTION books—a $7.50 to $9.00 value—yours for only $1.00 on this amazing offer!

The founding of this SCIENCE-FICTION BOOK CLUB is a recognition of the fact that Science-Fiction has won a place as an important *new kind* of literature. It has grown so fast it's hard to keep up with it! How is one to read the BEST new Science-Fiction books—without wasting time and money wading through good and bad alike?

Now—The Cream of New Science-Fiction Books—For Only $1 Each!

The SCIENCE-FICTION BOOK CLUB selects each month the *best new* Science-Fiction book. It brings you the brand-new, full-length books *FOR ONLY $1 EACH* (plus a few cents shipping charge)—even though they cost $2.50, $2.75 and up in publishers' editions!

NO Dues or Complicated Rules

Each Selection is described IN ADVANCE, in the Club's free bulletin, "Things to Come." You take ONLY those books you want—as few as four a year. If you don't want the current selection, you simply notify the Club. There are no other rules, no dues, no fees.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Mail Coupon

We KNOW you will enjoy membership in this new book club. To PROVE it, we are making this amazing offer! Your choice of ANY 3 of the new Science-Fiction masterpieces—at ONLY $1 FOR ALL THREE. Two are your gift books for joining; the other is your first selection. This liberal offer may have to be withdrawn at any time. So mail coupon RIGHT NOW to:

SCIENCE-FICTION BOOK CLUB,
Dept. SR-8, Garden City, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED